

NO.
34

DEC.

PEP



The SHIELD

COMICS

10¢



AMERICA'S
FASTEST
GROWING
COMIC
MAGAZINE!!

A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hillbilly Comics', and 'Teen-Age Sweetheart'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

CUT ON THIS LINE

BULLETIN NO. 13

I'M going to be a kind of transmitter this month. Generally I use this space to talk things over with you members of the Shield G-Man Club, but I stopped up to the office a while ago and got into a discussion with several of the fellows up here and they asked me to forward a couple of thank-yous for them and . . . and, well, here I am doing it.

The first thank-you message comes from Carl Hubbell, the young artist who transcribes all those letters you sent for the Sergeant Boyle contest to the Sarge himself, and both Boyle and Carl are delighted at the swell letter response you gave them. As you'll see when you get to the Sergeant Boyle story further in the book, all contest winners have been announced right in this issue.

The second thank-you message comes from The Hangman . . . and he wants to thank John S. Anderson, Larry Heaney, James Figueira, Oliver Anderson, and Don McRae, all of 1340 Blake Street, Berkeley, Calif. for the swell letter these boys whipped up and sent him. I read the letter and thought it was pretty fine, too. The boys told The Hangman about their hate for brute-strength Nazi methods of government . . . and in their short letter they've managed to reflect the opinions of all Americans. We all feel that way about Adolf and Co., fellows. Let's keep doing all we can toward the purchase of war bonds and stamps—and make sure that it won't be long before the man with the moustache is healing his last heel. Now to say a thing or two on my own hook. Have you fellows and girls seen the latest TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS? It's a magazine which is getting sweller and sweller and funnier and funnier with each issue, and you're really missing something if you don't give it a try. Look it over, and then enter the TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS "opinions" contest. You've a chance to win a portrait of yourself drawn by one of the crack TOP-NOTCH artists.

Keep 'em flying.

Outstanding members this issue:

RICHARD MacGRAY
257 Chestnut Street
Needham, Mass.

WILLIAM BEACH
Route 2
Danville, Ohio

BERNARD BROOK
3447 West 19th Avenue
Denver, Colorado

MARVIN D. SCHWIFF
18 Cedar Lawn Sq.
Galveston, Texas

RUTH MARTINEAU
Marion Hospital
Covina, Calif.

WAYNE ALBERT FORD
Box 675
Twin Falls, Idaho

ETHEL MOSKOWITZ
729 Euclid Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida

CHARLES SCHUBERT
229 West Des Moines
Salina, Kansas

RICHARD BAXTER
38 Mildred Avenue
Maitland, Texas

DOLORES REESE
4530 Wayne Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

Joe Higgins

THE ORIGINAL **SHIELD** AND **DUSTY** THE BOY DETECTIVE



IT WAS FUNNY ABOUT THE RUG---
THE WAY IT TURNED UP AT THE
MURDERS.

NOT THAT THE RUG COULD HAVE
ANY CONNECTION WITH THE
CRIMES--- NO, IT COULDN'T. IT
WASN'T A VALUABLE RUG--- JUST
A CHEAP, GAUDY BIT OF FABRIC,
SOLD OVER AN AUCTIONEER'S
COUNTER.

AND YET IT CONTINUED TO
TURN UP

WHY?

THAT'S WHAT **THE SHIELD** AND
DUSTY AIMED TO FIND OUT-----

IRVING NOVICK

EARLY ONE EVENING, DUSTY ENTERS JOE HIGGINS' ROOM...

HYA JOE! I...
HEY, JOE! JOE!
WHAT'S WRONG,
PAL?

DUSTY, I WAS JUST
THINKING ABOUT MY
LAST ATTEMPT TO
RECOVER MY SUPER-
POWERS... THE ATTEMPT
THAT DIDN'T WORK! I
FEEL PRETTY LOW
ABOUT IT! I GUESS I'LL
NEVER GET MY SUPER-
POWERS BACK!

AW, IS
THAT ALL?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE
WORRIED ABOUT SOME-
THING **IMPORTANT!**
YOU'VE DONE ALL
RIGHT SO FAR WITH-
OUT YOUR SUPER-
POWERS...AND YOU'LL
GO ON DOING ALL
RIGHT. CMON, LET'S
GO OUT AND SEE IF
WE CAN FIND SOME-
THING TO HELP YOU
FORGET ABOUT
YOUR TROUBLES!

AND MINUTES LATER, AS
THEY WALK ALONG THE
STREET...

HEY, JOE, LOOK-
AN AUCTION!
LET'S GO IN!

OKAY, DUSTY!
MAYBE THEY'VE
GOT SOMETHING WE
CAN USE!

...AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLE-
MEN, I'LL ACCEPT BIDS ON THIS
BEAUTIFUL OLD RUG! NOTE
ITS FINE TEXTURE AND
ITS UNUSUAL DESIGN.
WHAT AM I OF-
FERED?

I BID
ONE BUCK,
PAL!

I'LL MAKE THAT
TWO DOLLARS!

HEH! HEH! HERE'S
WHERE I HAVE
SOME FUN!

I'LL BID TWENTY
FINE DOLLARS!

STUPID FOOL! I'LL MAKE
THAT FIFTY DOLLARS!

... GOING... GOING... GONE! SOLD
TO THE MAN WITH THE CIGAR
FOR \$750!

...LY SOCKS! I DIDN'T
EVEN EXPECT TO
GET \$20 FOR
THIS RUG!

I BID 750
DOLLARS!

HEH, HEH!
WELL, I SPENT MORE
THAN I FIGURED ON, BUT
IT WAS WORTH IT TO
SEE THE EX-
PRESSION ON
THAT MAN'S
FACE!

GEE, DUSTY... THERE
WAS SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT
THAT BIDDING!

YEAH...
DID YOU SEE THE EX-
PRESSION ON THE FACE
OF THE GUY WHO DIDN'T
GET THE RUG? BRRR!
HE LOOKED READY TO
MURDER THE
FAT FELLOW!

MATT
SIDD

SUDDENLY...

DUSTY!
LISTEN!

SOMEONE'S
YELLING!

HELP
HELP

QUICKLY,
JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY
STRIP OFF THEIR OUTER CLOTHING
AND EMERGE AS THE
SHIELD AND DUSTY...

WHY-- IT'S THE FAT
FELLOW! AND HE LOOKS
PRETTY OUTNUMBERED!



SAY, WHAT DID YOU WANT THE RUG FOR, ANYHOW?

MY BROTHER COLLECTS 'EM-- AND I WAS HAVING A LOT OF FUN OVER-BIDDING THAT GUY!-- WELL, THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO! SO LONG, SHIELD, AND THANK YOU FOR RESCUING ME!

THEN, NEXT DAY...

JOE! JOE! LOOK AT THIS!

DAI

CHARLES BARTON NOTED MANUFACTURED DEAD

CHARLES BARTON

CHARLES BARTON, NOTED MANUFACTURER, RE-SONG AT 11: 64TH ST. WAS FOUND



SURE IS A FUNNY COINCIDENCE HUH, SHIELD?

I'M NOT SO SURE IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE! WE'D BETTER GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!

STEP IT UP, DUSTY! THIS IS THE 1900 BLOCK!

WHERE THE SHIELD AND DUSTY, MRS. BARTON, WE'VE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT-- ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH!

JUST ON A HUNCH, MRS. BARTON, WHERE'D THAT RUG YOUR HUSBAND BOUGHT YESTERDAY?

WHY--WHY HE SENT IT TO HIS BROTHER BILL AT 222 POWELL STREET. BILL LIVES IN APARTMENT 4.



HEY, T-TAKE IT
EASY, SHIELD!
I CAN'T FLY,
YOU KNOW!



POWELL STREETS
ONLY A FEW
BLOCKS AWAY.

THERE'S THE
BUILDING
NOW!

LET'S GET UP-
STAIRS QUICK!
I GOT A--- FUNNY
FEELING...



LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY BEAT
US OVER HERE!



HOLY
MACKEREL!



SUDDENLY---

THE
DOORBELL!



CITY DELIVERY
PACKAGE FOR
WILLIAM BARTON!

I'LL TAKE
IT!



WELL, FOR THE
LOVE OF---
IT'S THE
RUG!

JUMPIN'
JEEPS!





COUNT 'EM
OFF, DUSTY!
ONE!

TWO!

WHAM

BAM

THAT'S AS
FAR AS YOU
COUNT!

THREE!

SOK

IM
NOT
SO
SURE
OF
THAT,
TOUGH
GUY!

SLOGG!
SLOGG!
HELP ME!

I'LL
FIX
THE
PUNK!

THAT DOES IT! YOU
GUYS TIE THESE TWO
UP AND GET 'EM OVER
TO THE HIDE-
OUT! I THINK
I'VE GOT A
USE FOR
THEM!



NOW
TO BURN
THIS TRACING!



GOOD! EVERYTHING'S ALL SET.
EXCEPT FOR MY TALK WITH
THE SHIELD AND
DUSTY! I'D BETTER
GET BACK TO THE
HIDEOUT AND CLEAN
THAT UP!



LATER, AT SLOGG'S
HIDEOUT --

I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION
FOR YOU GUYS! TELL
ME-- HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE TO MAKE A
MILLION DOLLARS?

A
MILLION
DOLLARS!

LET'S HEAR
YOUR
PROPOSITION!

I THOUGHT
YOU'D BE
INTERESTED!



IT ALL
STARTED A COUPLE
OF MONTHS AGO, WHEN
I WAS OUT IN SINGAPORE.
A COCKNEY SEAMAN TOLD
ME A STRANGE STORY--
A STORY ABOUT A
RUG --



H'I TELL YOU, GUVINOR--
THIS RUG IN MY CABIN
ABOARD THE *MARIA*
HAS A MAP ON IT SHOW-
ING HOW TO GET TO A
LOST AZTEC CITY! THERE'S
MILLIONS IN GOLD THERE,
I TELL YOU -- MAYBE
BILLIONS!

G'WAN!
I DON'T
BELIEVE
A WORD
OF IT!



I PRETENDED TO
SCOFF, BUT WHEN
WE GOT OUTSIDE--

THANKS FOR
THE INFORMATION,
PAL!

THAT NIGHT, I SNEAKED ON BOARD THE *MARIA*---

THEN, WHEN THE SHIP WAS WELL OUT TO SEA, I SET FIRE TO THE CARGO ----

THE ENTIRE CREW RAN TO PUT OUT THE FIRE, AND WHILE THEY WERE KEPT BUSY, I GOT THE RUG----



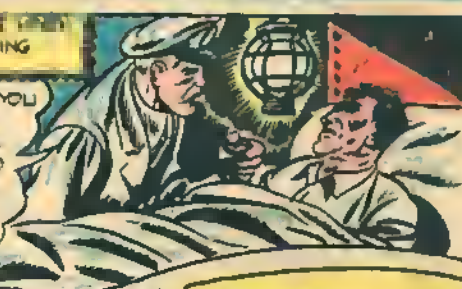
THEN, WITH THE RUG UNDER MY ARM, I STOLE A LIFEBOAT AND STARTED AWAY. THE FIRE ON THE SHIP CONTINUED TO BURN----

BUT WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE *MARIA* WAS SHIPPING DYNAMITE. BEFORE THE LIFEBOAT HAD EVEN BEGUN TO SAIL AWAY----



THE FIRST THING I SAW A MAN WAS BENDING OVER----

EASY, SON, EASY! YOU WERE THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE *MARIA*! WE FOUND YOU IN THE WATER WITH YOUR RUG CLUTCHED UNDER YOUR ARM!



MY RUG! WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT?

WHY, I GAVE IT TO SOME NATIVE IN THE MALAYS! IT WAS JUST A CHEAP WATER SOAKED CARPET! I---I DIDN'T THINK--

I FOLLOWED THE RUG FROM CITY TO CITY---HUNTING DAY AND NIGHT IN BAZAARS IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD. BUT THE RUG WAS ALWAYS AHEAD OF ME--

UNTIL FINALLY, AT AN AUCTION HOUSE RIGHT IN THE CITY---

DONALD STYL AUCTIONS

HOLY MIKE! THERE IT IS-- RIGHT IN THE WINDOW!





AND THEN THAT FAT FOOL
OVERBID ME--AND I HAD
TO LET HIM WIN THE
BID BECAUSE I
THOUGHT HE
KNEW SOMETHING...
BUT I GOT THE
RUG NOW! HEH,
HEH HEH! I GOT
IT NOW!

EXCUSE
ME FOR A MINUTE!
I'VE GOT A LITTLE
JOB TO FINISH!

OH, SO
YOU'RE NOT
WITH ME.
EH? THEN
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
YOU
TOO!

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO HELPED ME GET THE
RUG! I CAN'T USE **THEM** ANY MORE-- BUT I
CAN USE A COUPLE OF GUYS LIKE YOU ON
MY EXPEDITION! ARE YOU WITH ME?

WITH YOU!
THE DEVIL
WE ARE, YOU
MURDERING
RAT!



DUSTY!

NOW WATCH
YOUR PAL
DIE, SHIELD!

YOU GO
FIRST,
BRAT!



YOU OUTSMARTED
YOURSELF, WISEGUY!
THAT LONG STORY
YOU TOLD GAVE
ME PLENTY OF
TIME TO LOOSEN
THESE ROPES!

H--HURRY, SHIELD!
HURRY! THIS...
GAS IS... GET-
TING ME!

THE SHIELDS
LOOSE! I'D BETTER
GET OUT OF
HERE!



SUDDENLY...



HE'S GETTING AWAY!
AFTER HIM, DUSTY!

SLOW UP! THIS
IS AS FAR AS
YOU GO!

SHIELD!
I'M NOT GO-
ING TO LET
ANYTHING STOP
ME NOW!

BUT AS SLOGG RUNS
FORWARD, HE TRIPS... ON HIS
OWN RUG---

NUNUN
BUT I THINK
I'LL STOP JUST
LONG ENOUGH
TO FINISH
YOU!

AND FALLS...
ON HIS OWN
KNIFE---

WITH A GREAT
EFFORT
SLOGG LIFTS
THE RUG AND...

I--- I'M,
DYING, IF I
CAN'T... CAN'T
HAVE THE
RUG, NO-
BODY
CAN!

AAAAAAGH

DUSTY
RUSHES
FORWARD
BUT---

NO, DUSTY
LET IT BURN!

BUT, SHIELD!
WHY?

THAT RUG HAS DONE
ENOUGH DAMAGE ALREADY!
MURDER AND
DEATH HAVE
FOLLOWED
IN ITS WAKE
WHEREVER
IT TRAVELED!
LET IT
BURN!

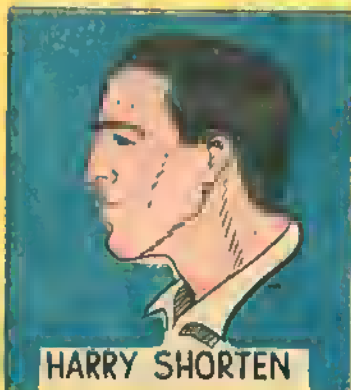
THE END

THE
SHIELD
AND DUSTY
APPEAR IN
PEP
COMICS
AND
WILD-WIZARD
COMICS!
FOLLOW THEIR
UNUSUAL AD-
VENTURES IN
BOTH THESE
MAGAZINES!

NOTICE! BECAUSE OF THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS OF APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP YOU'VE SENT IN--SO MANY THAT WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO TABULATE AND ALPHABETIZE THEM AS YET--THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S OF AMERICA PAGE WILL NOT APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE. HOWEVER, THE PAGE WILL RESUME NEXT ISSUE, LISTING, AS IN THE PAST, THE NAMES OF ALL NEW MEMBERS. IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO, SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S OF AMERICA CLUB, RM. 315, 60 HUDSON ST., N.Y.C. JOIN THIS CLUB FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS!

MEET THE EDITOR

by SCOTT FELDMAN



ONE bright April morning about a million years ago—or anyway, it feels like a million years ago—I meandered over to 60 Hudson Street, to begin work as assistant editorial director for the M.L.J. comic magazines.

I took the elevator up to the third floor, and started to enter the M.L.J. offices at Suite 315. At this point, a man came rolling out and almost knocked me over.

The man was clutching a manuscript in his hand, and he looked as though he had just fallen off a roller-coaster and landed on his head.

Halfway into the long hall which precedes the outer office, I tangled with another man. This fellow had an artist's portfolio under his arm, and he looked like he'd fallen off the same roller-coaster.

I later learned that both these men had just emerged from a story conference with Harry Shorten, my new boss . . . and that they'd had their bad ideas tossed out so quickly and new ideas added so quickly that it sent them away pretty much dazed.

Well, maybe I'm exaggerating a bit. Maybe a story conference with Harry Shorten doesn't produce such mind-whirling effects. But I do know that H.S. has the peculiar

knack of considering a story and getting right to the basic wrongs, if any. You can call him a hard editorial master, and you can call him a slave-driver, but his habit of working with artists and writers through every stage produces the best comic stories published. You know what I mean if you read his magazines.

I am aware of some personal details:

Harry Shorten's a young fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Height, 5-11; weight about 190; all muscle. I remember my first impression when meeting him. "Here," I said to myself, "is a guy I'll never attempt to poke in the snoot." I wasn't surprised when I learned later that Short had starred on the New York University football team (been All-Eastern, in fact) and had later played pro football in the American League.

Unlike many people in the writing business, who pounded typewriters while biting their teething rings, Harry Shorten, up till the time he entered college, had no idea that he was headed for a literary career. But he was on the football team at NYU, and this gave him an idea for a book called, "How to Watch a Football Game." He wrote the book, and the book was published. It had a spectacular sale . . . and this made him think more seriously about writing. He began to write sports stories for the pulp magazines in his spare time.

All this while, he was continuing his college work as a Geology major, and by the time he had graduated with honors, he'd sold so many sports stories that he'd lost count.

Well, he was out of college now, and while he was waiting for something good to develop

in the geology field, he continued to write more sports stories. Then someone asked him to write some stories for the comic magazines. He started on these, and was so successful, that before he knew it he'd been made editorial director up here at M.L.J. Shortly afterwards he was offered an excellent position in Washington as a geologist, and he refused it. . . .

At present, he manages PEP COMICS, ZIP COMICS, TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, HANOMAN COMICS, JACK POT COMICS, and SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS. Editing two magazines is a man-sized job; Short edits six, and handles his work capably. He accounts for his ability to get all his work done on deadline to Irving Novick, Bob Montana, Paul Reinman, Carl Hubbell, "Red" Holmdale and all the other crack artists who work for him.

Short's a settled married man now, with a beautiful wife named Rose, and a fifteen-month-old daughter named Melinda who is the sweetest, swellest, cutest, loveliest, most wonderful and amazing baby girl on earth. (Honest, this description is strictly my own opinion. The fact that Short is holding a baseball bat near my head as I write has nothing to do with it.)

To sum up, it's a pleasure to work for the guy. Yessir, I—wait a minute!

SCOTT FELDMAN—
COME HERE!!!!

Ulp! I guess he's found out about that spelling error I missed when I proofread that Shield story. All right, I'm coming. I'm coming. Keep your shirt on.

SS&&*!!) There must be an easier way of earning a living!

Coming, boss. . . .

THE HANGMAN

SABOTAGE!

WARS AREN'T COMPLETELY WON ON THE BATTLEFIELD. THEY'RE WON WHEN ONE SIDE RUNS OUT OF MATERIAL.

THAT'S HOW THE NAZIS INTEND TO WIN THIS WAR. THEY'RE TRYING TO CRIPPLE OUR OIL SUPPLY.

THEY'RE TRYING TO CRIPPLE IT BY DESTROYING OUR OIL RIGHT AT ITS SOURCE.

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE *TRYING* TO DO. AS OUR STORY OPENS, THE HANGMAN IS ON HIS WAY TO AMERICAN OIL FIELDS IN MEXICO TO MAKE SURE THEY *WON'T*!-----

OUR STORY OPENS AT
GAUVILLO, MOST IMPORTANT
OIL TOWN IN MEXICO---

IN THE DARKNESS, A CROUCHED
FIGURE WORKS FURIOUSLY---

A PEON APPROACHES---

FOR DIOS! A
LIGHT! I'D
BETTER
INVESTIGATE!

VUN MORE MINUTE
UND DIS PLACE VILL
GO UP IN SMOKE!

EET--EETS A
SABOTEUR!

ABSOLUTELY
RIGHT, MY
FRIEND!

WHACK

UND MAYBE I'LL TRY A
LITTLE SABOTAGE
ON YOU!

SUDDENLY---

MAYBE YOU
WON'T
NAZI!

THE
HANGMAN!

AT YOUR
SERVICE!



THELMA GORDON RUNS UP--

HANGMAN!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THIS CUTE BOY
WAS ABOUT TO SET
THE OIL FIELDS
AFIRE, THELMA!

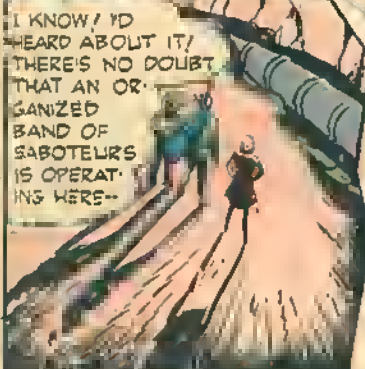


THEES EES NOT THE FIRST
TIME THEENGs LIKE THEES
HAVE HAPPENED SENOR--
BUT WE ALWAYS THOUGHT
THEM ACCIDENTS!

LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF
MIGUEL LOPEZ, WARDEN
OF THE NEARBY PRISON--

AND SO WHEN I READ
ABOUT ALL THESE ACCIDENTS
I DECIDED TO CHECK UP ON
THEM, IF YOU DON'T
MIND!

I KNOW! I'D
HEARD ABOUT IT!
THERE'S NO DOUBT
THAT AN OR-
GANIZED
BAND OF
SABOTEURS
IS OPERAT-
ING HERE--



WE ARE
DELIGHTED
TO HAVE YOU,
SEÑOR
HANGMAN!



WE'D BETTER VISIT
THE NAZI AND SEE IF
WE CAN FORCE SOME
INFORMATION OUT OF
HIM!

I'LL TAKE YOU--
THERE, HIS
CELL IS RIGHT
DOWN THE HALL.



THE
DIRTY
PIG!

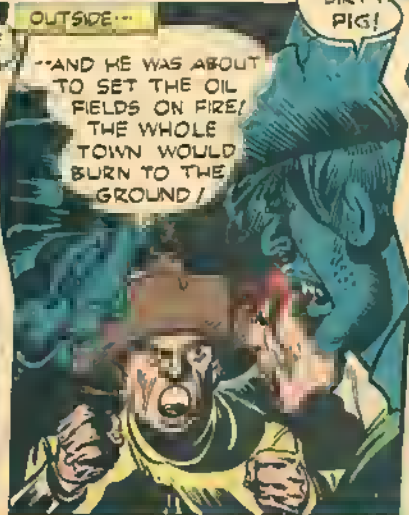
YOU'RE IN A SPOT,
PAL! ARE YOU
READY TO TALK
AND SAVE YOUR
NECK? WHO'S
THE HEAD OF
YOUR RING?

TALK?
SURELY YOU'RE
JOKING! I
HAVEN'T
ANYTHING
TO SAY!



OUTSIDE--

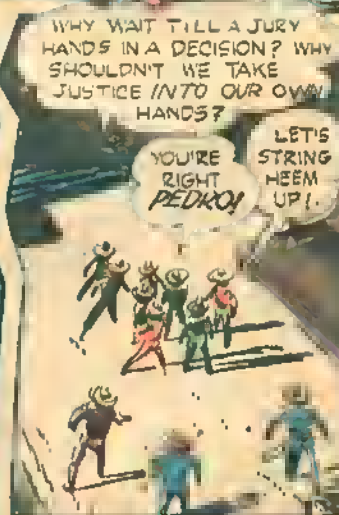
--AND HE WAS ABOUT
TO SET THE OIL
FIELDS ON FIRE!
THE WHOLE
TOWN WOULD
BURN TO THE
GROUND!

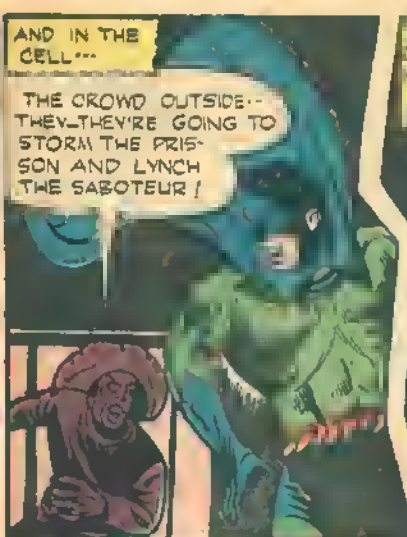


WHY WAIT TILL A JURY
HANDS IN A DECISION? WHY
SHOULDN'T WE TAKE
JUSTICE INTO OUR OWN
HANDS?

YOU'RE
RIGHT
PEDRO!

LET'S
STRING
HEEM
UP!





AND IN THE CELL---

THE CROWD OUTSIDE--
THEY--THEY'RE GOING TO
STORM THE PRISON AND LYNCH
THE SABOTEUR!



THEN AN OMINOUS BEAM
CUTS THROUGH THE DIM-LIT
CELL, ACROSS THE HORRIFIED
FACE OF THE NAZI--THE SIG-
OF THE GALLOW--



THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU, NAZI!
COMING TO HANG YOU. SOON
YOU'LL BE A CORPSE SWAYING
IN THE WIND... HANGING
THERE UNTIL THE
BUZZARDS LICK YOUR
BONES CLEAN!



YOUR FUBKER CAN'T SAVE
YOU FROM THAT FATE-- BUT I
CAN--IF YOU'LL TALK!

Y...YES...
TALK. I...I DON'T
WANT TO DIE
SO HORRIBLY!



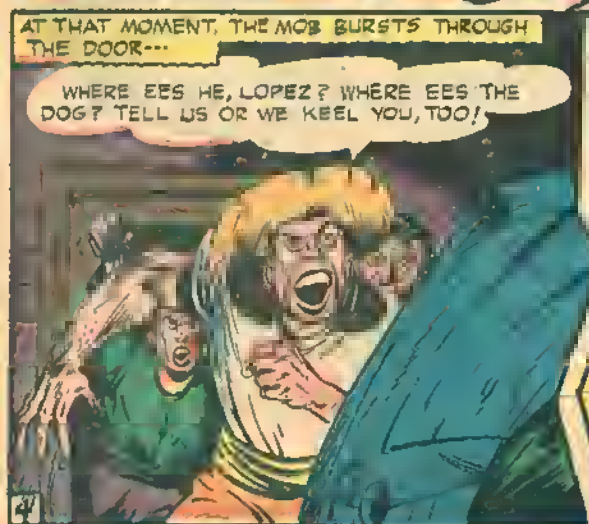
I'D LIKE TO GET
HIM OUT OF HERE,
WARDEN-- TO SAVE
HIM FROM THE
MOB/ DO YOU
HAVE ANY OB-
JECTIONS TO
DOING IT
MY WAY?

NO, NO! NONE AT
ALL! ANYTHING
YOU SAY!



MY DEPUTY AND
I WILL HOLD
THE CROWD
OFF AS
LONG AS POSSIBLE!
GOOD LUCK!

THANKS!
I'LL NEED
IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE MOB BURSTS THROUGH
THE DOOR---

WHERE EES HE, LOPEZ? WHERE EES THE
DOG? TELL US OR WE KEEL YOU, TOO!



STAND BACK!
STAND BACK!
OR THERE'LL
BE BLOOD-
SHED!

WE'RE WARNING YOU,
LOPEZ! WE DON'T
WANT TO HARM YOU,
BUT IF YOU DON'T
STEP ASIDE---

SUDDENLY!

CRASH

WHAT--
WHAT'S
THAT?

LOOK, THE NAZI IS GONE
AND---AND THE BARS OF
THE WINDOW ARE TORN
AWAY!

AND IN THE HANGMAN'S CAR FROM
WHICH THE CELL WINDOW STILL HANGS--

THIS IS AS
FAR AS WE
GO!

OKAY, NAZI-TALK
AND TALK STRAIGHT
THE MINUTE I THINK
YOU'RE LYING TO ME.
YOU GO RIGHT BACK
TO THAT MOB!

I---I'LL TALK!
ALL THE THINGS WE DO
ARE PLANNED BY ONE
MAN--WHOSE NAME---

YELL! HOW GOOD
TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
WANGMAN!

VAAAAAAHH

CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

NOT QUITE, HANGMAN--


IT ISN'T SO EASY TO KILL A MAN OF MY STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE! WITH THE AID OF MY FRIEND ICEPICK HERE, I AM OPERATING MORE SUCCESSFULLY THAN EVER!

MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO PUT A STOP TO THESE OPERATIONS OF YOURS, SWASTIKA!


I THINK NOT! ICEPICK, TAKE CARE OF HIM!



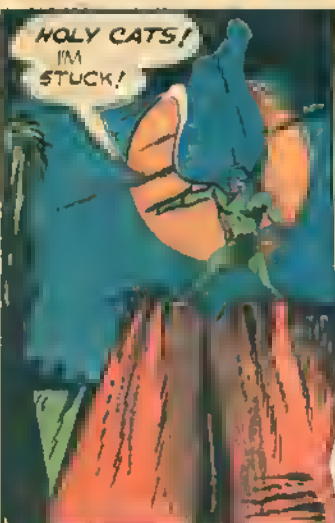
SO LONG,
BOYS!



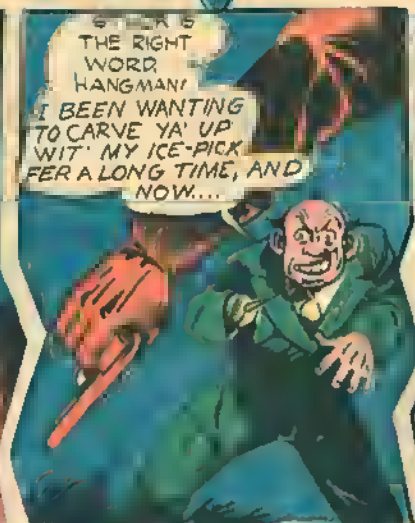
AFTER HIM! HE CAN'T
GET AWAY! HE'S LEADED
RIGHT TOWARD THE EDGE
OF THE CLIFF!



HOLY CATS!
I'M
STUCK!




STUCK IS
THE RIGHT
WORD,
HANGMAN!
I BEEN WANTING
TO CARVE YA' UP
WIT' MY ICE-PICK
FER A LONG TIME, AND
NOW...



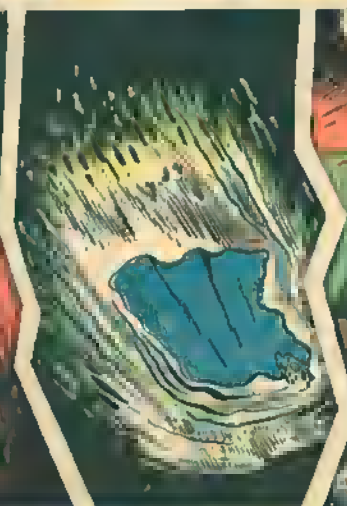
HE...HE'S JUMPED!




LOOK!...DER HANGMAN'S
CAPE FLOATING ON DER
VATER... BUT NO SIGN OF
DER HANGMAN!!



DER RIVER MUST BE AT LEAST
A HUNDRED FEET DOWN! HE'S
DEAD ALL RIGHT!--



COME, LET BETTER
FINISH OUR WORK ON
ROSE OIL
FIELDS!



BUT THE HANG
MAN IS NOT
DEAD---

WHEW! IT WAS A LONG SHOT
JUMPING FOR THIS VINE--
BUT IT WORKED! I'M HIDDEN
FROM THEIR SIGHT BY THIS
MOUNTAIN BRUSH!

GOOD LOR!
THE VINES
BREAKING!

LOOKS
LIKE I'M
SUNK!

SUDDENLY A ROPE DROPS
DOWN--

WHEW!

I WONDER
WHO MY
LIFE SAVER
IS!

THELMA! HOW DID YOU
FOLLOW ME OUT
HERE?

WITH THE
WARDENS CAR,
HANGMAN--
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

YES, BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT
A MINUTE TO WASTE!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
TO THE OIL FIELDS--
AND PRONTO!

AND JUST OUTSIDE THE OIL
FIELD--

ALL RIGHT, MEN--
YOU'VE GOT YOUR
ORDERS! YOU KNOW
NOT TO DO!



HERE, ICEPICK--
DER OTHER MEN
ALL HAVE GUNS!
HERE IS VUN
FOR YOU!

HEH HEH!
YOU'RE A GREAT
KIDDER, CAP!
YOU KNOW MY
ICE PICK DOES ALL
THE WIPING OUT
JOBS FOR
ME!



WE'RE ALL SET!
LET'S GO!



CARAMBA! THOSE
CARS ARE COMING
RIGHT TOWARDS
US!

STOP!
STOP!

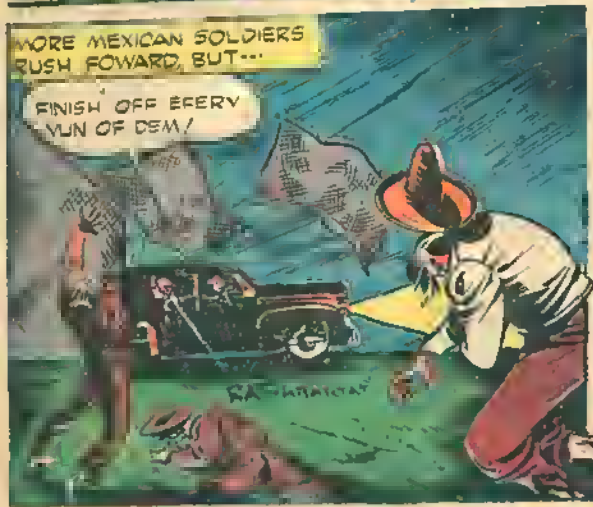


YAAAAAAAH



MORE MEXICAN SOLDIERS
RUSH FORWARD, BUT--

FINISH OFF EVERY
VUN OF DEM!

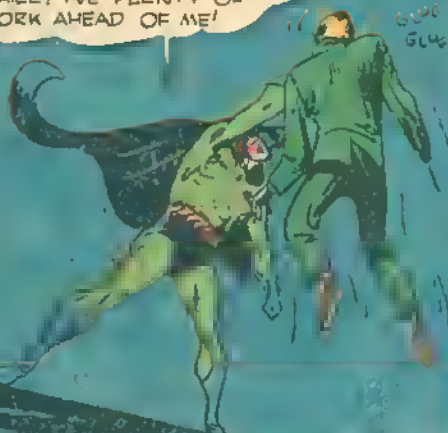


A LONE SENTRY, UNSEEN,
MANNING A MACHINE
GUN ATOP THE WALL, HUSS
THE SHADOWS, WAITS
FOR THE NAZIS TO
EMERGE, AND...

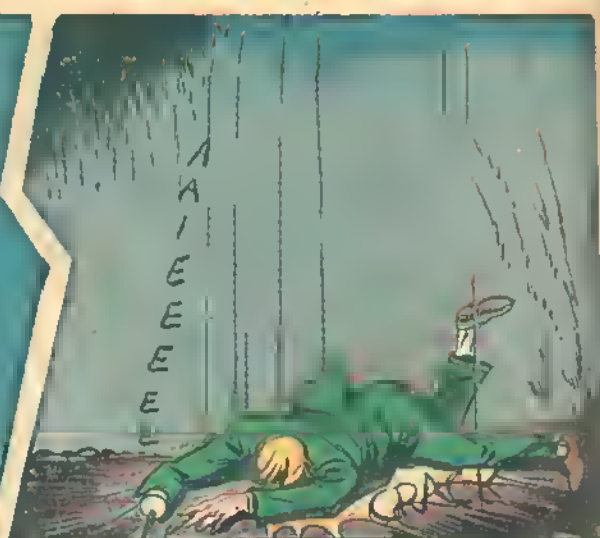




THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY OF
SHUTTING YOU UP FOR A
WHILE! I'VE PLENTY OF
WORK AHEAD OF ME!



A
A
E
E
E
E



MEANWHILE ONE OF THE NAZIS PREPARES
TO HEAVE HIS TORCH LIGHT AT THE G.I.
LINES--

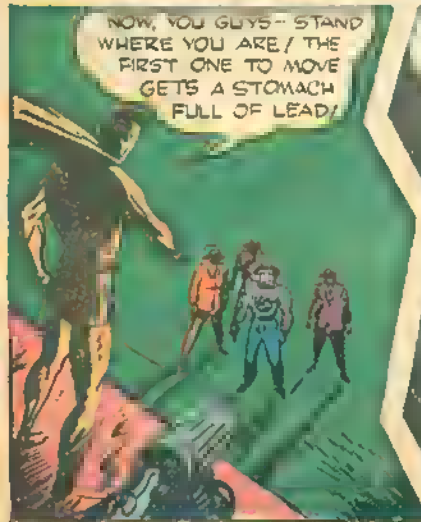
DIS I DO
FOR DER
FUEHRER!



AND THIS
I DO FOR
F.D.R.!



NOW, YOU GUYS-- STAND
WHERE YOU ARE! THE
FIRST ONE TO MOVE
GETS A STOMACH
FULL OF LEAD!



DON'T LISTEN TO HIM!
CHARGE HIM! ARE WE GO-
ING TO LET ONE MAN
END OUR PROJECT?



THE NAZIS SWARM FORWARD AND--

SORRY, BOYS--
BUT YOU'RE FORCING
ME TO DO THIS!



AND JUST THEN, MORE MEXICAN SOLDIERS
SPEED THROUGH THE GATE...

CARAMBA!...LOOK, PEDRO!
SEÑOR HANGMAN HAS
ALREADY SUBDUED
THE NAZIS!

BUENO HANGMAN!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
THESE DOGS
NOW!

BUT--

SWASTIKA!...
HE'S MAKING A
BREAK FOR IT!

QUITE A HABIT OF YOURS,
RUNNING OUT ON THE
BOYS WHEN THE GOING
GETS ROUGH, EH
SWASTIKA!

I'LL FIX YOU FOR
RUINING MY
PLANS!

WHAM

YOU'LL NEVER
BOTHER
ME
AGAIN!

DON'T COUNT
ON THAT,
PAL!

MEANWHILE... WHAT REVEALS AN...

THERE'S THAT XRG?!! HANGMAN AGAIN. I'LL CHOP HIM DOWN THIS TIME - BUT GOOD!

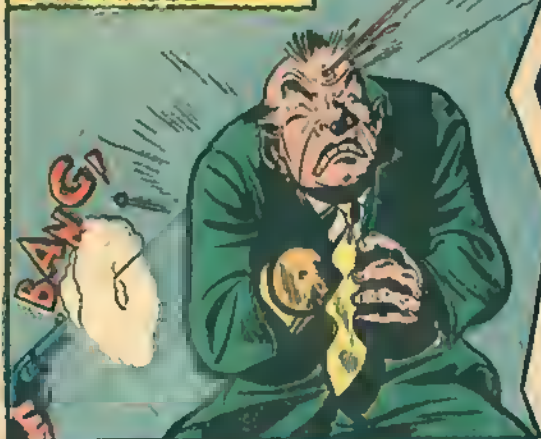


BUT AS HE TOSSES THE WEAPON, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA STUMBLES TO HIS FEET---

YAAAAAH



THEN BEFORE ICE-PICK CAN ESCAPE, A MEXICAN SOLDIER SIGHTS HIM TAKES AIM---



I THINK THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!

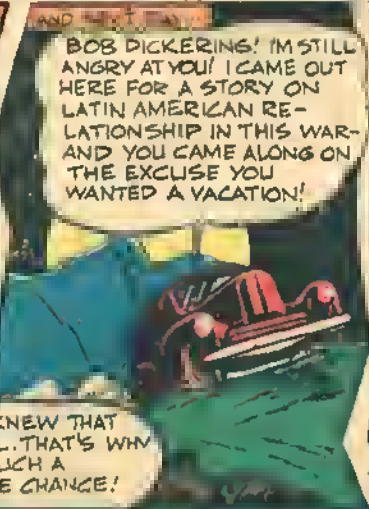
YES! AND THIS TIME SWASTIKA IS DEAD PERMANENTLY!



I'M GENERAL CARLOS SIERRA HEAD OF THIS DIVISION! IF YOU HADN'T HELD THOSE NAZIS AT BAY OUR CAUSE WOULD HAVE SUFFERED A VITAL BLOW, HANGMAN!



BOB DICKERING! I'M STILL ANGRY AT YOU! I CAME OUT HERE FOR A STORY ON LATIN AMERICAN RELATIONSHIP IN THIS WAR- AND YOU CAME ALONG ON THE EXCUSE YOU WANTED A VACATION!



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOUR SABOTAGE SUSPICIONS? WHY YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME AT ALL, BOB DICKERING!

I'M JUST CATCHING SOME OF THAT VACATION I TOLD YOU ABOUT, THE. ZZZZZZ!



SWASTIKA KNEW THAT TOO, GENERAL. THAT'S WHY HE TOOK SUCH A DESPERATE CHANCE!

THE END

MURDER MAKES A PHONE CALL

A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

BOB DICKERING had seen Sidney Benton looking like this before. He'd seen him this way during the thirty-odd times he'd attended a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Sidney Benton doing the Romeo. Benton looked just as he had looked during each of Romeo's death scenes.

But this wasn't acting.

Benton lay on the deep-red couch in his living room, the ornate French telephone he had been using still clutched in his slender, lifeless fingers.

Over his body hovered Mac Messner, looking like a worried, bespectacled scarecrow. Messner was the worst dressed, and the richest, actor's agent in Hollywood. Messner moaned, over and over, "My star client!"

The coroner diagnosed the death as having come from electrical burns, and Mac Messner and Bob Dickering were asked down to Police Headquarters.

It was murder, no doubt about that. Someone had rigged up Benton's phone so that when he lifted the instrument he'd received a fatal electrical shock.

Mac Messner testified that Benton had just come in from New York to make a picture for one of the Hollywood studios; that he, Messner, had personally ordered the telephone installed; that the telephone had been installed just that afternoon; and that, although the number was an unlisted one and could not be gotten through the Information operator, a dozen people had been in Benton's apartment that night and could have set up the death trap and noted the phone number. Dickering had been walking toward Benton's door and heard the phone ring and stop ringing as it was picked up . . . followed a split second later by Benton's strangled scream. Shortly afterwards, Messner had appeared.

All this Messner testified. And Bob Dickering, who had been Sidney Benton's childhood friend,

said nothing. He just waited. . . .

He waited until Messner and he were released. He told Messner that he was tired and wanted to get some sleep. And as soon as Messner entered a cab, he stepped into a darkened alley . . . and emerged as The Hangman!

It was simple, really simple. He entered Benton's room through a side window, made some quick and satisfactory examinations, and left as silently as he had come. He made some further investigations . . . and then he went to Mac Messner's home. . . .

Messner was alone. He sat in a comfortable Morris chair, a stubby pipe clamped between his thick lips. His eyes were closed.

He opened them when The Hangman called his name.

Then he saw the shadow of the noose on the wall and recoiled.

"You're guilty, Messner," The Hangman said.

Messner wet his lips. "I don't get you," he said heavily.

"You were the only one who *could* have killed him . . . because, as the one who ordered the phone installed, you alone knew the phone number!"

Messner began to sputter.

"Wait a minute," The Hangman said. "I want to tear apart a few possibilities even before you suggest them. Since the Information operator won't give out unlisted numbers, the only section of the telephone company from which the number could have been gotten was the business office . . . and that was closed for the night *by the time Benton's phone was installed!* Pretty illogical, isn't it, that a killer would first set a death trap and then break into a communications building to get the phone number which was needed to spring the death trap?"

"But . . ." Messner began.

"More possibilities," cut in The Hangman. "Benton himself couldn't have given out the phone number to his visitors at his welcome party earlier tonight—be-

cause he didn't know it! I've just questioned Bob Dickering, and he tells me he asked Benton for his phone number and Benton replied that he himself didn't know it."

Messner's voice finally broke through. "That's a lie!" he said. "Why didn't Benton look right on the phone to give his number to Dickering? Why, for that matter, couldn't any one of a dozen people find out the number by looking at the card on the phone stand which lists the number?"

The Hangman smiled grimly. "That's where you made your mistake," he said. "You're a business man and you get many calls each week from unexpected sources . . . and so you can't use an unlisted phone, and you've probably never had one. Listen, friend: An unlisted phone has *no* number on the base."

"All right," Messner said softly. "You've tabbed it right. My agency business hasn't been doing as well as people think—and I've been collecting a lot of big money from young kids with the promise that I'd get them into pictures. If this got out to the studios, I'd be through—but I've managed to keep the kids quiet . . . until Benton stumbled into my office just when I was collecting a couple of grand from a kid. He was going to tell the studios about me in the morning . . . so I stopped him. I should've waited until he made a call himself instead of phoning him tonight; I see that now—but I didn't want to take the chance that he wouldn't make any calls till morning."

Messner ended his speech with a maniacal laugh, and then he jumped . . . right into The Hangman's fist. The Hangman hit him once, hard, and he went down.

The jury declared Messner guilty of first degree murder.

That was the end of Mac Messner's career as an actor's agent. It was also, of course, the end of Mac Messner.

COMMANDO

AND THE BOY SOLDIERS



YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE COMMANDOS.... THOSE SUPER-SOLDIERS WHO WORK IN THE DARK AND DEAL CONSTANT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE NAZI FORCES.

NOW, FOR THE READERS WHO HAVEN'T FOLLOWED THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN COMMANDO & THE BOY SOLDIERS IN THE PAST, WE REINTRODUCE ON THIS PAGE----

1. CAPTAIN 'COMMANDO' - AMERICAN-BORN LEADER EXTRAORDINARY OF THE BRITISH COMMANDOS.
2. BILLY GRAYSON - AMERICAN
3. GERALD SYKES - ENGLISH
4. ARMAND DE LATOUR - FREE FRENCH
5. SERK JENSEN - NORWEGIAN

NOW TURN THE PAGE AND READ THE FIGHTING FINEST MOST STARTLING ADVENTURE....

OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY... A GREAT CONVOY
HEADING FOR MURMANSK MEETS DISASTER...



THE
PITIFUL RE-
MAINDER
DESPERATE-
LY SCATTER
... FLEE FOR
SAFETY...
THE GREAT
CONVOY
SUFFERS
A CRUSH-
ING
DEFEAT!



THE DEADLY-ACCURATE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES
SPEAK THEIR SONG OF DEATH... SHIP AFTER SHIP
HEELS, SPINS... THEN PLUNGES BENEATH THE
OILY WAVES!



ON THE SINKING FLAGSHIP --
AM SENDING SOS, SHE'S GO-
COMMODORE! SOS! SOS! COME
IN, PLEASE! IN
DISTRESS! SOS!
LATITUDE...



---AND AT GENERAL
HEADQUARTERS,
ENGLAND---



HE STOPPED
SENDING, SIR! BROKE
OFF JUST AS HE WAS
GIVING ME HIS
POSITION! I'M
AFRAID, SIR,
THAT...

...THAT
THEY'VE
GONE DOWN --
YES... I GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT...

THEN INTO THE
ROOM BURSTS A
FAMILIAR INSPI-
RING FIGURE!
CAPTAIN
COMMANDO!



AT YOUR
SERVICE,
SIR!

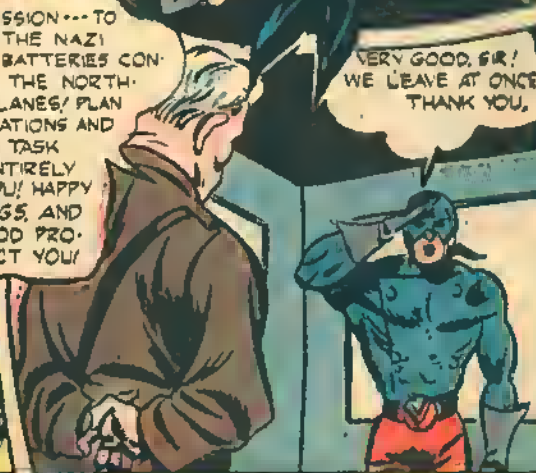
FAST
WORK!

ANOTHER CONVOY HAS
JUST BEEN DESTROYED,
CAPTAIN COMMANDO... THOSE
SHIPS WERE BOUND FOR THE
RUSSIAN PORT OF MURMANSK
WITH PRECIOUS SUPPLIES!
THAT'S THE THIRD TIME
THIS HAS HAPPENED...
AND IT CAN'T GO ON
ANY LONGER!



YOUR MISSION... TO
DESTROY THE NAZI
COASTAL BATTERIES CON-
TROLLING THE NORTH-
ERN SEA LANES! PLAN
OF OPERATIONS AND
SIZE OF TASK
FORCE ENTIRELY
UP TO YOU! HAPPY
LANDINGS, AND
MAY GOD PRO-
TECT YOU!

VERY GOOD, SIR!
WE LEAVE AT ONCE,
THANK YOU,



MEANWHILE...IN THE SECRET UNDERGROUND
COMMANDO BARRACKS...

H'I SAY H'I'S ABOUT
TIME WE HAVE A
SCRAMBLE, EH
CHAPPIES?

OH!

YOU AN'T
KIDDING! ACTION'S
WHAT WE WANT,
JERRY!

I HAVE
NOT SEEN
ERIK LATELY!
YOU HAVE,
BEELY, NON?

HEY, THAT'S
RIGHT!
ERIK'S
NOT
HERE...!

ALLO
HERE'S A
BLOOVN'
NOTE PINNED
TO 'IS PIL-
LOW!

Dear friends,
I was so homesick...
I have gone back to see
my parents... do not be
too angry via me. I
could not help it.
I have been long
from Norway for
me as no longer I
could schmandt it. I
must soon return again.
Your friend,
Erik Jensen

E'S GONE
BACK!

HE WAS SICK TO SEE
HIS PAPA AND MAMA...
I UNDERSTAND, BUT I...
HAVE NO MORE
PAPA! HE
IS DEAD--

OH, CUT
IT OUT!
COMMANDOS
DON'T
CRY!

GET HAWAY,
BILLY! 'IS
GOVERNOR WAS
A REAL 'ERO
NOT ONE OF THEM
BLOOVN' PLAYBOYS
LIKE YOURS... 'OW
WOULD YOU KNOW 'OW
'E FEELS?

TAKE THAT
BACK OR...

H'I'S THE
BLOODY TRUTH
AND YOU KNOW
IT!

SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN
COMMANDO
ENTERS--

HEY, CUT OUT THIS
FIGHTING! IF YOU CAN'T
ACT LIKE MEN... THEN GET
OUT OF THE COMMANDOS!
OUR WORK IS TOO DANGEROUS
AND IMPORTANT FOR US TO
BEHAVE LIKE BABIES! NOW
PREPARE YOUR GEAR...
WE LEAVE IN TEN MINUTES!

SORRY,
JERRY!

H'I'S QUITE
ALL RIGHT,
BILLY!

MAKE 'OW YOU
SAY, BEELY...
SNAPPEE?

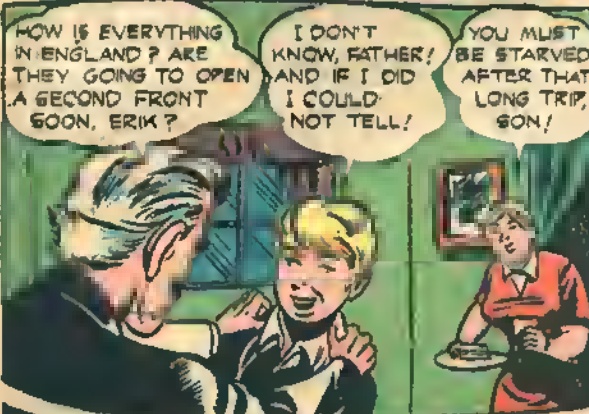
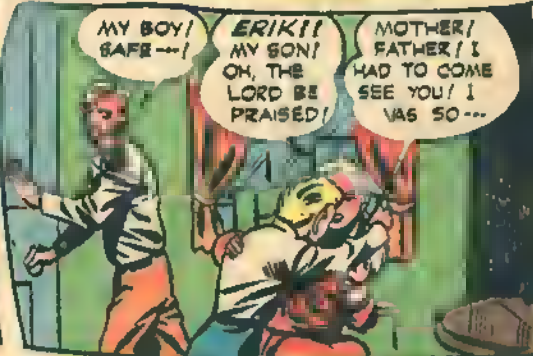
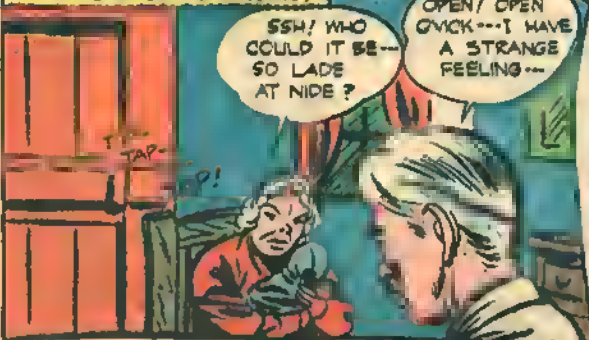
--WHILE AT
THAT MOMENT
--AT A LITTLE
FISHING VIL-
LAGE ON THE
NORWEGIAN
COAST--
PAST A DOZ-
--THE SENTRY--
A
BOY SILENTLY
STEALS!



HE IS ERIK JANSEN, BOY SOLDIER! DOWN THE
MAIN STREET, SOUNDLESSLY CAREFUL OF
EVERY STEP, HE GOES, TOWARDS--



--THE HOME OF HIS PARENTS!



SUDDENLY THE WATCHERS ARE DISTURBED BY A FAMILIAR WHISTLE!

WH--OH!
ERIK JANSEN!
IT IS ERIK!

ERIK! HE HAS
COME BACK FROM
ENGLAND!

ERIK,
MEET US
AT THE
CAVE
TONIGHT!

HE IS A
COMMANDO
YOU KNOW!

HE WILL KNOW
WHAT TO DO
ABOUT GETTING
OUR PEOPLE
FREE!

LET'S GO
TO THE CAVE
AND WAIT
FOR HIM!

LATER, THAT NIGHT---
ERIK JANSEN, COMMANDO-
TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF
STEALTH, TAKES TO THE
WOODS---

---AND ON NEARING THE OCEAN,
STOPS--- THEN WHISTLES!

FEE-FEE!
FEE-FEE!

ERIK!
COME DOWN!
WE ARE
WAITING!

AND WHEN ERIK
SLIPS INTO THE
CAVE---

WHAT
IS THIS--?

WE HAVE
ALREADY ELECTED YOU
OUR LEADER ERIK!

WE MUST FREE
OUR PEOPLE OR
THE NAZI BANDITS
WILL KILL THEM!
AND ONE OF THE
MINE
TOO!

ERIK---WHAT
SHALL WE DO?
MY FATHER IS
ONE OF THE
HOSTAGES

LET
ME
THINK!

MEANWHILE--- OUT ACROSS THE CHOPPY NORTH
SEA ABOARD A SLEEK DESTROYER, LAST-MINUTE
PLANS ARE GONE OVER!

CHECK YOUR GEAR! NO SLOP-UPS! WE'RE
STRICTLY IN THE DARK ON THIS, YOU
KNOW--OUR SECRET
AGENTS FAILED TO GET
IN TOUCH WITH US!
SPREAD OUT AND CIRCLE
THE COASTAL BATTERIES---

A MINUTE LATER--- OVER THE SIDE AND INTO
THE ARMORED INVASION BARGES GO THE TOUGH-
EST FIGHTERS OF ALL TIME--- THE COMMANDOS!

AS THE DIESEL MOTORS DRIVE THE BARGES TO THE DARK SHORE, WRAITH-LIKE, OUT OF THE EVENING MIST, A SMALL FISHING BOAT MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARS---

... TO THE COMMANDOS' HORROR... WHILE IN THE STRANGE FISHING BOAT...
... FOR THIS IS A SECRET RAD/ THEY MUST NOT BE DETECTED!

HERE I AM, EVEN! WHAT'D YOU SAY YOU SAW---OH!
FLAT BOATS, MANY OF DEM, COM- NIK DERB, SEET P IT IS DER NAZI VE ARE---



HEY, IF THAT'S THE NAZI COAST PATROL, WE'RE---

CLOSER AND CLOSER SPEED THE BARGES... THE FISHING BOAT IS SURROUNDED...

UP MEN! PREPARE TO BOARD HER!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO! IT'S ERIK, SIR! ME--ERIK JANSEN! DON'T SHOOT!

MON DIEU ZO ERIK JENSEN!



ERIK GIVES CAPTAIN COMMANDO THE NEEDED INFORMATION CONCERNING THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES, AND---

THE BARGES GO ALONGSIDE---AND---

ERIK/THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? WHO ARE THESE KIDS? SPEAK UP!

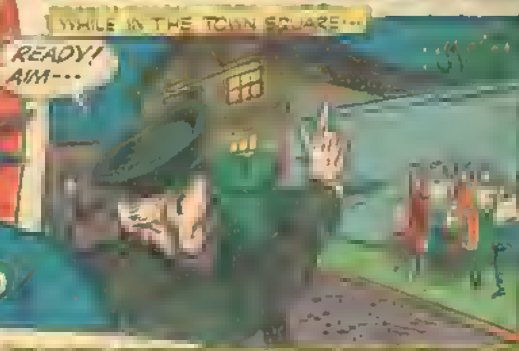
HEY ARE ALL MY SCHOOL FRIENDS FROM HOME! WE WERE GOING TO ENGLAND WHEN WE WERE SIGHTED US, SIR... TO JOIN UP WITH YOU AND THE BOYS!



MY FRIENDS KNOW THE WHOLE COAST AROUND HERE LIKE A BOOK, CAPTAIN COMMANDO... THEY WILL LEAD YOU THERE, RIDE NOW!

WHAT A BREAK THAT'S FINE, ERIK-- YOU'RE FORGIVEN FOR GOING AWAY!

READY! AIM---



SUDDENLY THE SILENT TOWN'S GUSTY STREETS ARE FILLED WITH THE SHRIILL STACCATO BARK OF DOZENS OF GUNS... BEING IN THE DISTANCE FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!!

THE DRUMMING GUNFIRE GROWS LOUDER... THE NAZIS MULL IN CONFUSION... THE TOWN'S PEOPLE GO MAD WITH JOY FOR THE...



NOT GIRLS? HIMMEL! GUNS! SHOOT!

TO YOUR STATIONS! AT VUNCE... DOUBLE QUICK!



COMMANDOS!

THEY HAF COME!

FOR THIS IS THE COMING OF *THE COMMANDOS!!*
COMING WITH HATE IN THEIR HEARTS AND A SMILE ON
THEIR BLACKENED LIPS, COMING OUT OF THE NIGHT
WITH THE STEALTH OF A THOUSAND INDIANS AND
THE FEROCITY OF FREEMEN WHO LAUGH AT DEATH!!!

FOR
NORWAY!!

FOR
FREEDOM!
COME ON!

FOR
KING
HAARON!

FOR
LIBERTY!

FOR
ENGLAND!

HIMMEL!
DER
COMMANDOS!
AAGH!

HOLD DEM
BACK FROM DER
GUNS!
TELEPHONE
FOR REINFORCE-
MENTS!!

NO YOU
DONT!

HELLO!
HELLO!
GENERAL
HEADQUARTERS!
SEND--UGG!

TRY TO CALL YOUR
NAZI IN OSLO, EH?

MEANWHILE ON ANOTHER SECTION OF THE BEACH--

WE'VE GOTTA
KNOCK OUT THAT
MACHINE GUN
NEST!
LOOK!

THOSE DEVILS!
THEY'RE HOLDING
UP OUR WHOLE
ADVANCE!
NON?

AS THE BOYS
MAKE
HURRY
TO-
WARD
THE NAZI
MACHINE G-
UNERS, A FIG-
URE LOVES
ACROSS THE
CLEARING
RIGHT IN
THE DIREC-
TION OF SPUT-
TERING DEATH--

IF THOSE HEINIES SEE
THOSE KIDS, IT'LL BE
CURTAIN FOR THEM! I'VE
GOT TO KEEP THEIR
ATTENTION DIS-
TRACTED!

OWON,
FELLAS WE'LL
JUMP THOSE
MACHINE
GUNNERS!

GOT 'EM, CAP!

NICE, TEAM WORK-
LADS!

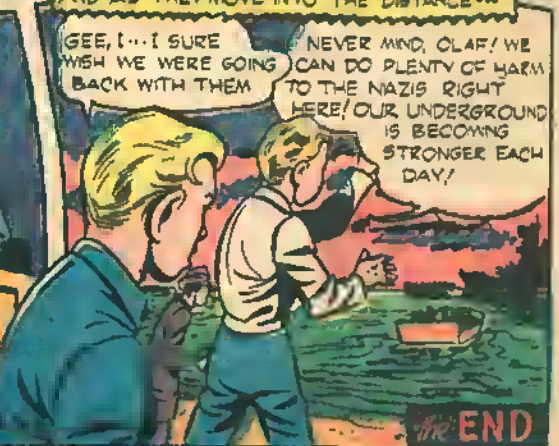
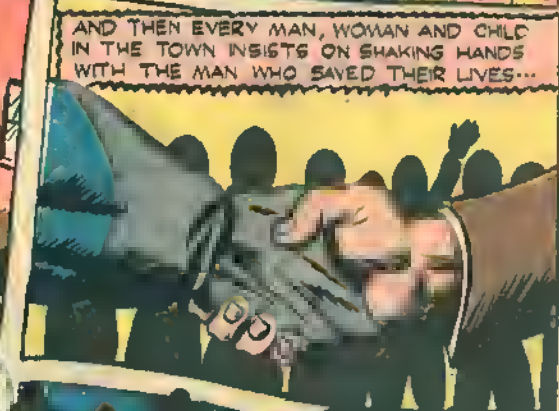
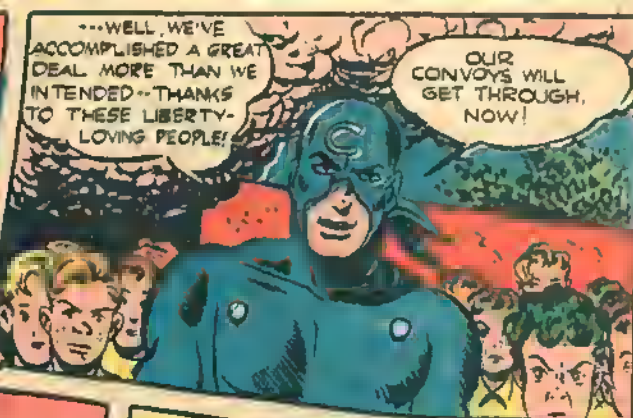
ONCE AGAIN
ACROSS THE
CLEARING
TOWARD HIS
OWN LINES--

I'VE GOT TO RALLY
THE BOYS FOR A
CHARGE! IT'S
NOW OR NEVER!

WHOW! THOSE BULL
ALMOST HAD MY
NAME ON THEM---
OUT OF YOUR
FOX HOLES,
UP AND AT
'EM!

GIVE
IT TO 'EM
MEN!

KAMERAD
VE SURRENDER!



WORLD WONDERS



T

H **ANOMNA** ANTS IN AFRICA LINK
THEMSELVES TOGETHER INTO A LIVING
BRIDGE SO THE OTHER ANTS MAY
CROSS THE STREAM...

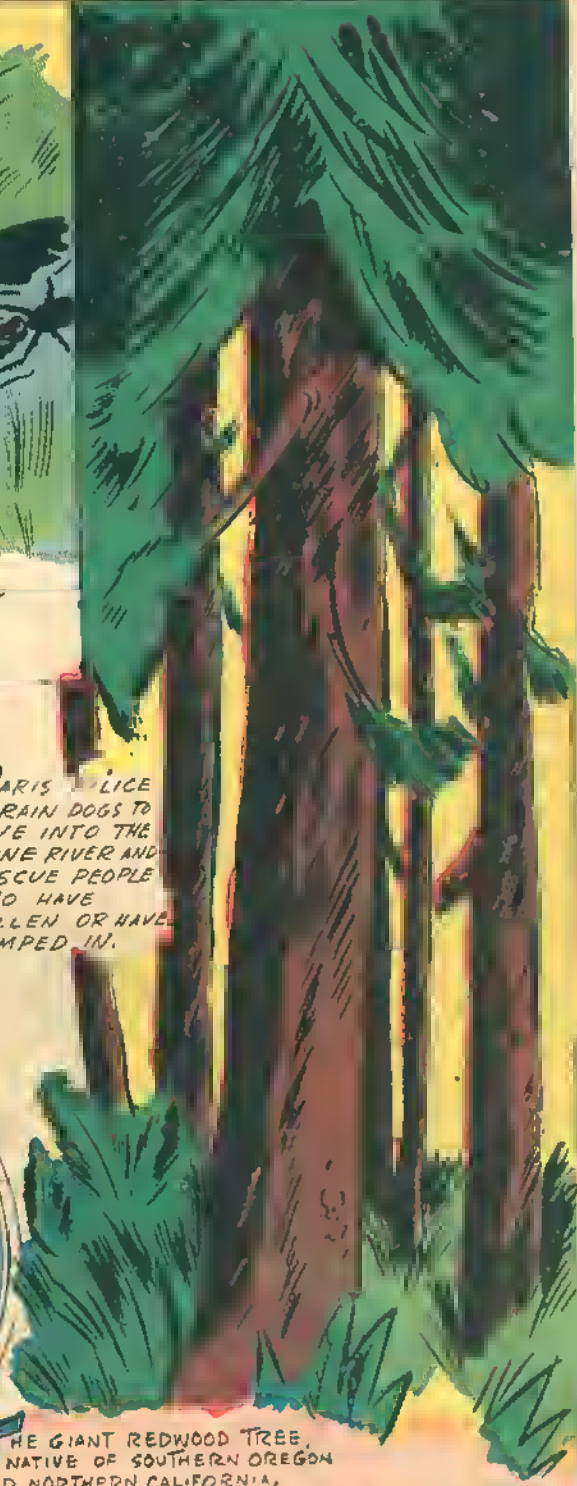


PARIS POLICE
TRAIN DOGS TO
DIVE INTO THE
SEINE RIVER AND
RESCUE PEOPLE
WHO HAVE
FALLEN OR HAVE
JUMPED IN.



CERTAIN RODENTS OF
THE LIBYA AND SAHARA
DESERTS **NEVER**
DRINK FROM THE TIME
THEY ARE BORN UNTIL
THEY DIE... THEY FEED
MAINLY ON DRY SEEDS.

THE GIANT REDWOOD TREE,
NATIVE OF SOUTHERN OREGON
AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA,
GROWS AS HIGH AS 350 FEET AND HAS BARK AS
THICK AS 12 INCHES... ITS LIFE IS SOME TIMES
3000 YEARS...



ANNY

by
"RED" HOLMDALE

IN WONDERLAND

HI YA, DANNY.
WON'T YA JOIN ME?
I'M JUST HAVING A
LITTLE SNACK
BEFORE I GO TO
BED.

BUT KUPPIE,
PICKLES AND
MILK! THEY'LL
MAKE YA
SICK.

GOSH, KUPPIE,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

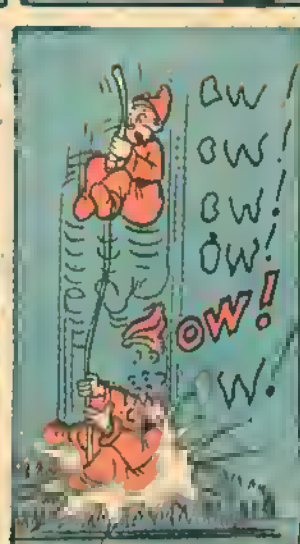
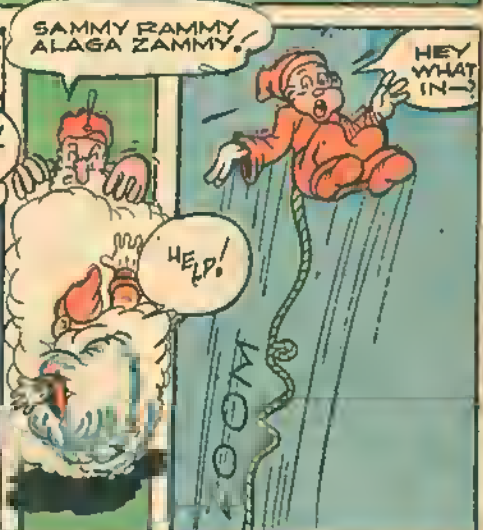
OW-- MY
STUMMICK!

OWW!
MY
STUMMICK!
OWOOO!
Y' JUST STAY THERE
IN BED KUPPIE.
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK, I'M
GONNA GET THE
CASTOR OIL!

CASTOR
OIL!

I'M GETTING
OUTTA
HERE!

ZIP!



I WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE FAMOUS EAST INDIAN BASKET TRICK!



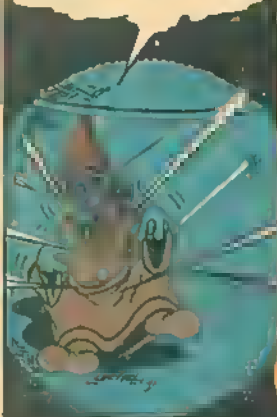
AFTER PLACING THE LID ON THE BASKET—I PROCEED TO VENTILATE IT WITH A NUMBER OF SWORDS!



APPARENTLY THE BOY IN THE BASKET HAS DISAPPEARED—EH?



OOOOOOO... WHY CAN'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT...?



AND NOW TO CONCLUDE THE MIRACLE, I REMOVE THE SWORDS AND THE LID AND...



HERE HE IS, STILL IN ONE PIECE!



WELL! DO YA BELIEVE ME NOW!



WELL, I GUESS I'LL KNOCK OFF FOR TODAY—GOTTA PACK MY STUFF AND GET HOME!



GEE, I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE A MAGICIAN KIN I HELP YOU, HUH?

YOU A MAGICIAN! HAW! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, HEY! BUT EASY WITH THOSE STRAPS!



I AIN'T AS DUMB AS I LOOK—HONEST, I COULD BE A BIG HELP!



NO, I TELL YA! ABSOLUTELY, NO.

OBOY, YA DIDN'T SAY POSITIVELY THEN, YA, WILL TEACH ME, WON'T YA?

WOW, TALK ABOUT PESTS, HMM--WELL, OKAY!

BUT REMEMBER YA TALKED ME INTO IT, I'M GIVING YOU AN APPRENTICE JOB. NOW WHERE'S THAT RECIPE? AH, HERE IT IS!

YEAH--YOUR FIRST JOB'LL BE TO DISENCHANT THE KING OF GOOFLE LAND. THIS RECIPE'LL TELL YA HOW TO BREW THE MAGIC POTION, I WARN YA, DON'T SLIP UP.

RECIPE?

UHP, I...I DIDN'T EXPECT SUCH FAST ACTION, I --I'LL BE CAREFUL-- HONEST!

I'M GOING UP TO TAKE A NAP NOW, SO I'LL LEAVE YA TO YOUR JOB. DO YA THINK YOU CAN MANAGE IT?

ALL I GOT T'DO IS FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS--HMM. FIRST I ADD A BARREL O' THIS STUFF AND TWO BARRELS OF THAT.

NOW FIVE HUNDRED AND ONE SHOVELS OF THIS. GOSH, THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A PROJECT!

OH SURE!

NOW I STIR IT A LITTLE AND THEN--

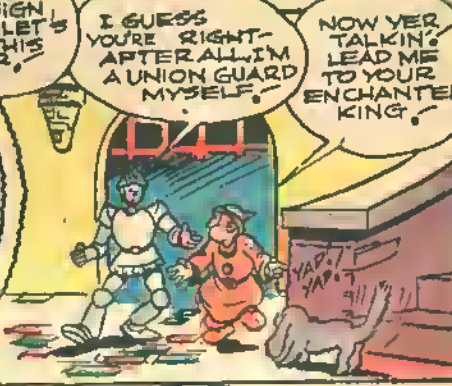
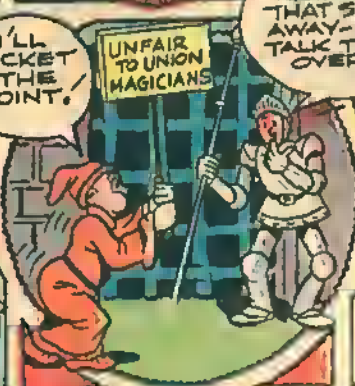
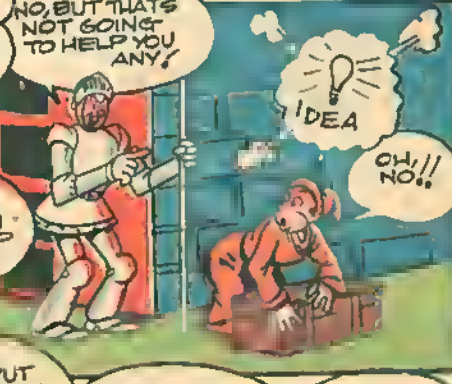
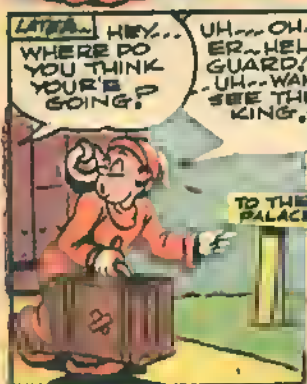
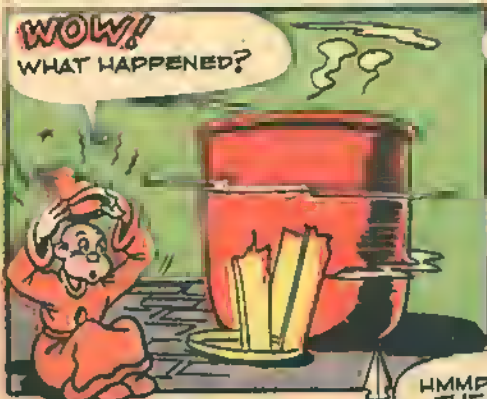
HMM--NOW A WHOLE BOTTLLE OF SULPHURIC ACID. AH, THERE IT IS.

SOBLY I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE WHAT'LL HAPPEN! WOW, IF DANNY COULD SEE ME NOW!

BOOM!

WOW!
WHAT HAPPENED?

I GUESS THE DISENCANTING
POTION IS BREWED
BY NOW, LET'S SEE!

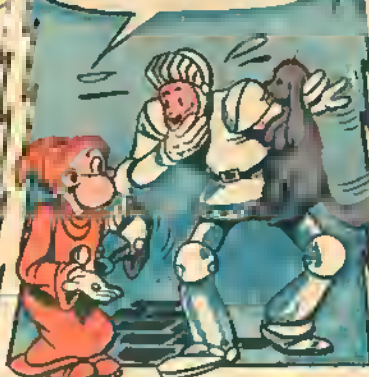


AH, AT LAST I'VE GOT MY CHANCE! JUST HOLD HIM FOR A MINUTE WHILE I GET THIS BOTTLE OUTTA MY CASE!



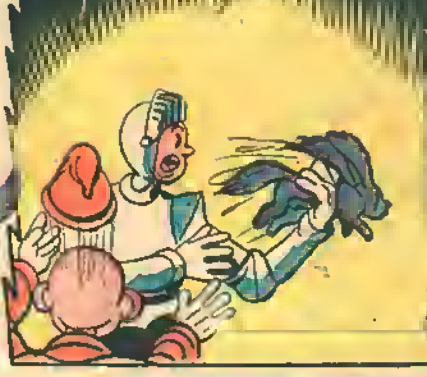
SAY, WHAT'RE YA GOIN' TO DO WITH THAT PILL?

THIS'LL DISENCHANT THE KING AND MAKE A HUMAN OUTTA HIM AGAIN!



HEY, HOLD HIM!

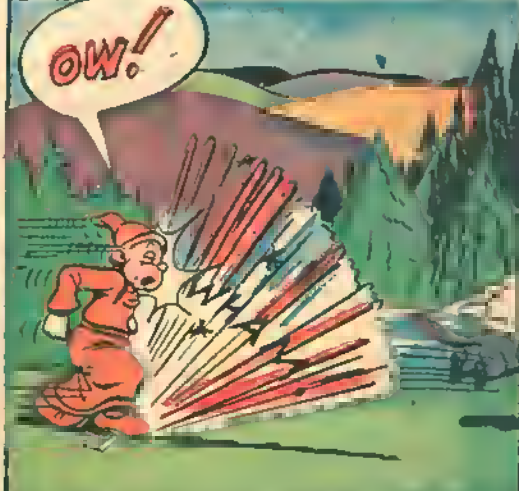
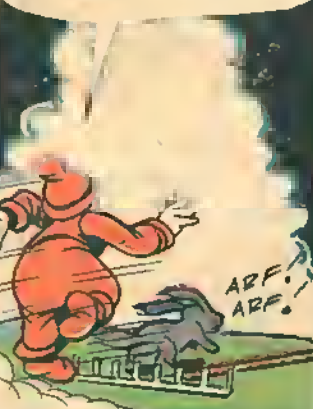
I CAN'T HOLD HIM AWAY!



COME BACK HERE, YOUR HIGHNESS. I WON'T HURT YOU! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS SWALLOW THIS PILL!



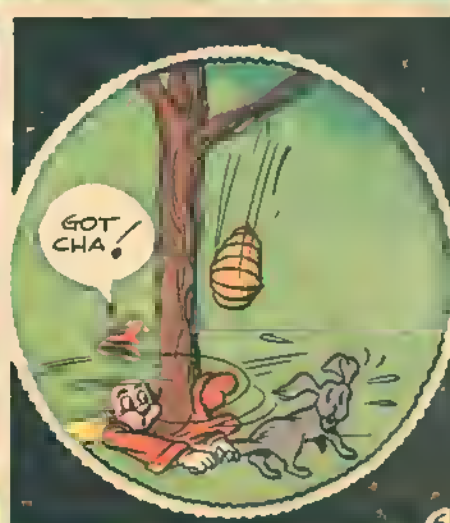
IT'LL BREAK YOUR ENCHANTMENT! HONEST IT WILL!

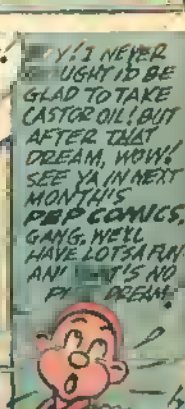
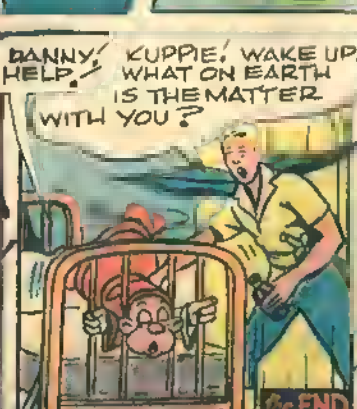
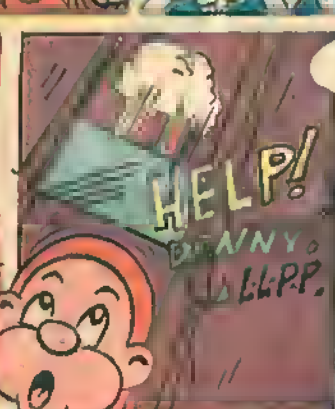
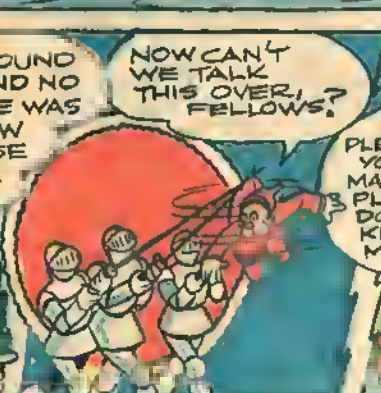
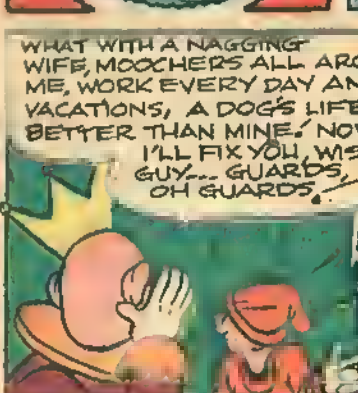


!!OXX?? STUPID MUTT. IT'D SERVE HIM RIGHT IF I LEFT HIM A DOG!



BUT I'M NOT GONNA FALL DOWN ON MY FIRST JOB IF I GOTTA CHASE HIM BOWLEGGED.

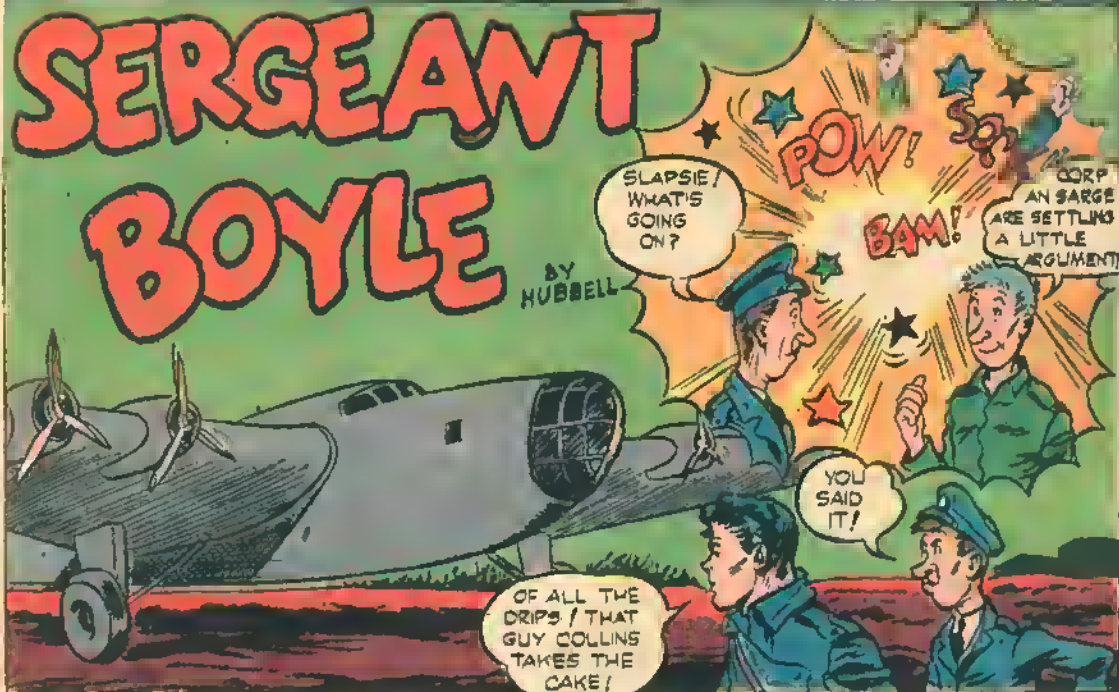




END

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL



I SUPPOSE COLLINS WILL GO AROUND SAYING WE RAN OUT, BUT IF THE MAJOR HADN'T GIVEN US PERMITS TO GO TO AFRICA I'D HAVE GONE! ...GOT YOURS?

YEP! IF I DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A STRONG RECORD, WE NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN THEM!

WE'RE PRETTY FULL! HOW ABOUT SEATS IN THE BOMBARDIER CABIN?

OKAY BY ME! JUST TAKE OFF, THAT'S ALL WE WANT!

BUT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY, SAVING I WROTE ALL THOSE LETTERS IN THAT WAR BOND CONTEST!...

IF I'D HEARD SLAPSIE PLAY 'JINGLE JANGLE' JUST ONCE MORE, GRRR!

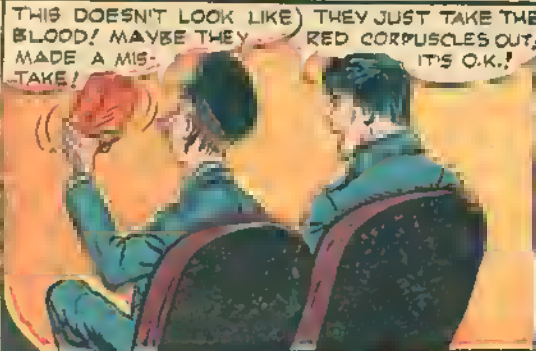


WELL, LET'S FORGET IT! WE'LL BE ON THE AFRICAN FRONT SOON AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF ACTION!

THERE'LL BE A COMBAT PLANE WAITIN' FOR US IN SWITZERLAND TO FLY DOWN TO 'EGYPT! HOT DOG!

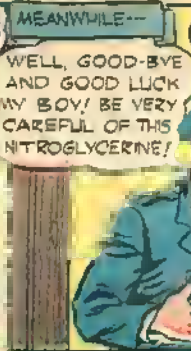
LOOK TWERP! HERE'S THE BLOOD PLASMA THEY GAVE US TO DELIVER!





THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE BLOOD! MAYBE THEY MADE A MIS-TAKE!

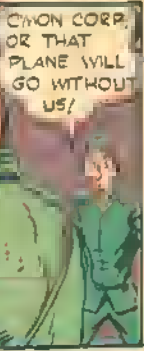
THEY JUST TAKE THE RED CORPUSCLES OUT! IT'S O.K.!



MEANWHILE--
WELL, GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK MY BOY! BE VERY CAREFUL OF THIS NITROGLYCERINE!



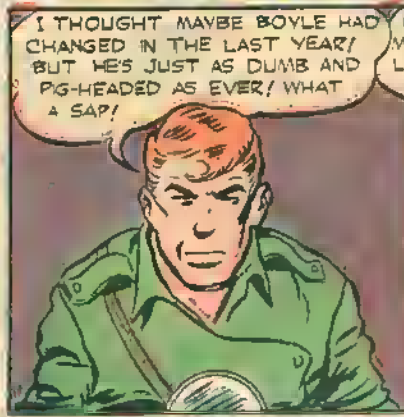
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MAJOR! WE'LL WATCH IT LIKE A BABY!



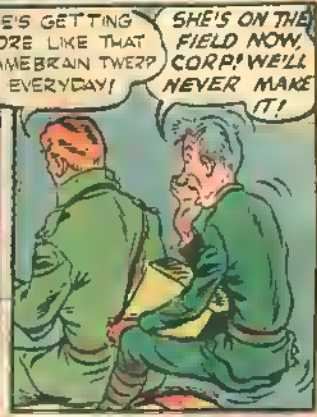
CYNON CORP. OR THAT PLANE WILL GO WITHOUT US!



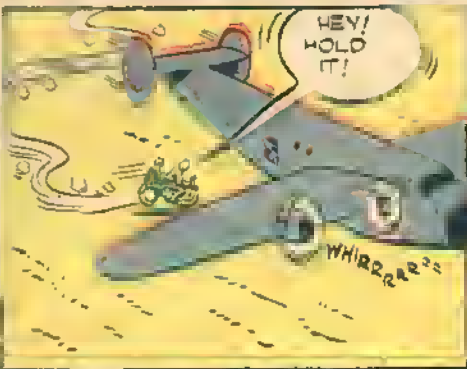
WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT! LOOK OUT FOR THAT NITRO!



I THOUGHT MAYBE BOYLE HAD CHANGED IN THE LAST YEAR! BUT HE'S JUST AS DUMB AND PIG-HEADED AS EVER! WHAT A SAP!



HE'S GETTING MORE LIKE THAT LAMEBRAIN TWEE? EVERYDAY!
SHE'S ON THE FIELD NOW, CORP! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



HEY! HOLD IT!



GRAB HOLD, SLAPSIE! YOU CAN DO IT!



NICE RUNNING, KID! DON'T LET GO!



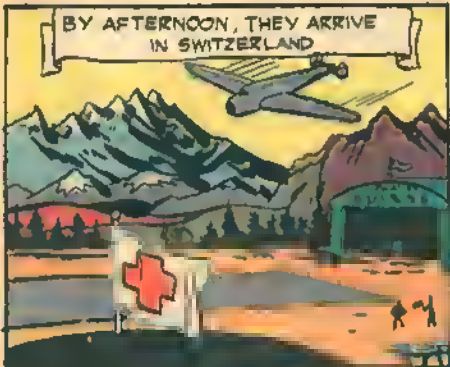
SO LONG, COLLINS. YOU DOPE! IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON!



YIPDEE! NO MORE JINGLE, JANGLE JINGLE!
I'D GIVE A MONTH'S PAY TO SEE THE LOOK ON BOYLES FACE WHEN HE LEARNS WE'RE GONE!



CAN I TAKE THAT BAG FOR YOU?
HANDS OFF! THIS IS VERY EXPLOSIVE 'NITROGLYCERINE' WE'RE TAKIN' TO EGYPT!



BY AFTERNOON, THEY ARRIVE
IN SWITZERLAND



WE'LL BE HERE TILL
MORNING! WHERE'S
A GOOD HOTEL?

THE
AJAX ISS
VERY
GOOD!



I THOUGHT YOU'D
NEVER WAKE UP!
I WAS YELLING
AT YOU FOR
TEN MINUTES

HO-HUM!
LET'S FIND
A HOTEL,
SARGE!



THE ELEVATOR ISS
RIGHT OVER HERE!
IF YOU WANT ANY-
THING, JUST RING!

THANKS,
PAL!



HEY! ANYBODY
HERE? HOW
ABOUT A
ROOM?

COMING,
SIR!

I'LL SIGN
THE-----
-----AM?



WE'LL-LL?

WELL, ANYTHING TONIGHT,
TOOTS?

SO!



COME
IGOR.
WE ARE
LATE!

ARRRGHH!
CROOK! WIFE
STEALER!
IGNORENCIA!



YOU OUGHTA BE
MORE CAREFU
TWERP! THAT'S
PRINCE IGOR
KREPLACH! THE
SINGER! HE'S A
BLACKSHOT
TOO!

HOW SHOULD I
KNOW SHE WAS
MARRIED?

EEF I
SEE YOU
AGAIN, I WEEL
CHALLENGE
YOU TO A
DUEL!



LEAVING US?
B-B-BUT SURELY
PRINCE, AFTER
ALL THESE
Y-YEARS...

BAH! WHEN
KREPLACH ANGRY,
HE SEES LIKE
WILD HONNIA!
ER- YOU
GOT A
ODDER
HOTEL?



YES YES YES!!
OUR NEW
HOTEL THE
REGIS! VERY
FINE PLACE!
ALL NEW!!

GOOD!
VE GO
DERE!!

MEANTIME COLLINS IS HAVING HIS TROUBLES--



OH, CORPORAL! YOU HOO! YOU BAD BOY!

DARN! I'VE BEEN HERE FOR AN HOUR! WHY DOESN'T SHE PLAY WITH SOME BODY ELSE?



SHE'S GONE! WHEW! HOPE I CAN MAKE IT TO THE STAIRS!



HAT'S THE MATTER, CORP? YOU LOOK PALE!

IF THAT BIG HORSE DOESN'T LEAVE ME ALONE I'LL LOOK WORSE!



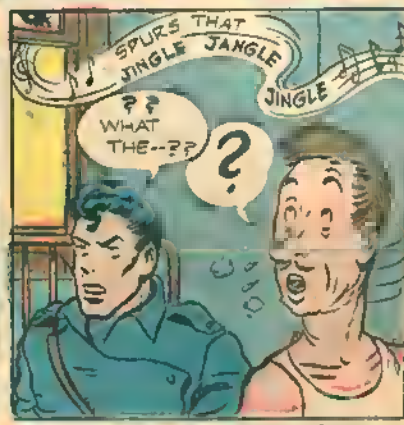
DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, CORP! SOME HOT TUNES ON MY MOUTH ORGAN WILL CHEER YOU UP!



DON'T BOTHER!

HEE! UP TIVERP, AN' WE'LL GO EAT!

HOW PEACEFUL WITH NO COLLINS AND SLAPSIE!



SPURS THAT JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE

?? WHAT THE--??



QUICK! WHO'S IN THE ROOM ABOVE US!



ABOUT YOU? WHM-- TWO MILITARY GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE -- LET'S SEE---



COLLINS! I THOUGHT SO!



YES! HE'S VERY POPULAR MAN! ONE OF OUR OTHER GUESTS JUST SENT HIM A NOTE! AFRAID! YOU LIKE TO MEET HIM?

I KNOW HIM ALREADY! I'M



OH! SLAPSIE! IF MISS HIPPOPOTOMUS IS GOING TO START WRITING LOVE LETTERS THE ONLY THING TO DO IS MOVE OUT!



OH! SOMEBODY WAS JUST ASKING FOR YOU!

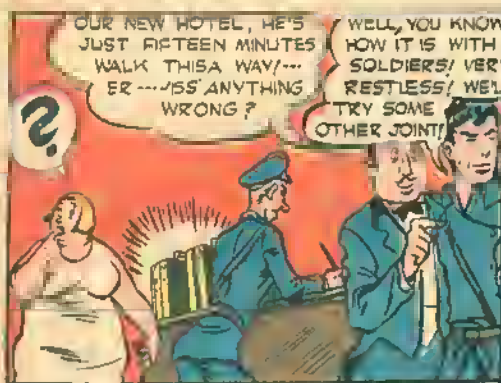
OH OH! HERE SHE COMES AGAIN!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I GOTTA MAKE A PHONE CALL!



664 702 WOMEN IN EUROPE AN' I MEET HER!

PEEK-A-BOO! SILLY BOY! WHERE ARE YOU?

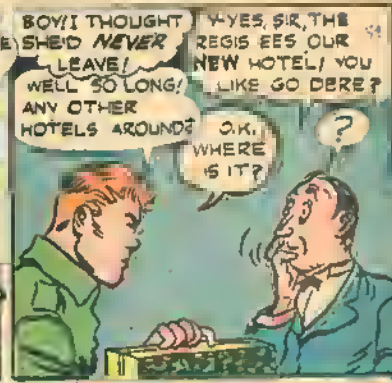


OUR NEW HOTEL, HE'S JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES WALK THISA WAY/--- ER ---/SS' ANYTHING WRONG?

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH SOLDIERS! VERY RESTLESS! WE'LL TRY SOME OTHER JOINT!



FUNNY I DIDN'T SEE COLLINS NAME THERE BEFORE! I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES OPEN! HEY!



BOY! I THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER LEAVE! WELL SO LONG! ANY OTHER HOTELS AROUND?

Y-YES, SIR, THE REGIS EES OUR NEW HOTEL! YOU LIKE GO DERE? O.K. WHERE IS IT?



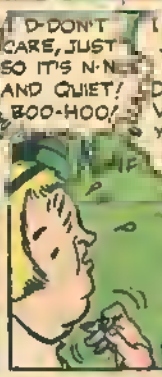
IT'S GONE! I'VE LOOKED EVERY WHERE! HE WAS SO HANDSOME!



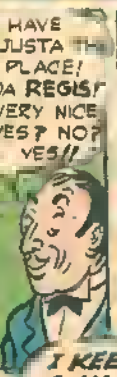
GIVE ME MY BILL! I'M LEAVING! (SNIFF)



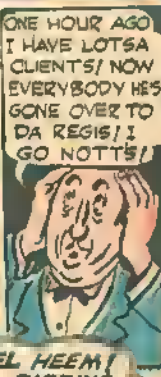
YOU TOO? ER-- I MEAN WHERE WILLA YOU GO TO!



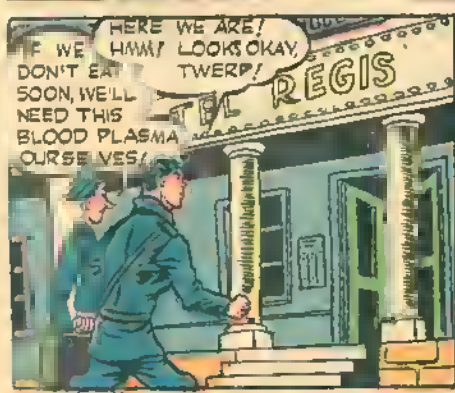
I DON'T CARE, JUST SO IT'S N-N-N-N AND QUIET! BOO-HOO!



I HAVE JUSTA PLACE! DA REGIS! VERY NICE YES? NO? YES!!



ONE HOUR AGO I HAVE LOTSA CLIENTS! NOW EVERYBODY HE'S GONE OVER TO DA REGIS! I GO NOTTS!!



HERE WE ARE! HMM! LOOKS OKAY. TWERP! IF WE DON'T EAT SOON, WE'LL NEED THIS BLOOD PLASMA COURSE YES!



AT LAST WE ARE HALONE, MY LEETLE PAPOSHKA! NO MORE STUPID SOLDI---



I KEEL HEEM! I AM RIPPING HEEM IN PIECES! AAARRGH!



WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT? I HOPE SLAPSIE HASN'T GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO A MESS!



HOLY SMOKE! OH, YEA DEAR BOY! I JUST KNEW YOU COULDN'T BEAR TO LEAVE ME!



HOW'D SHE GET HERE?

IVE GOTTA FINISH MY REPORT AN' IM OUT OF INK! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

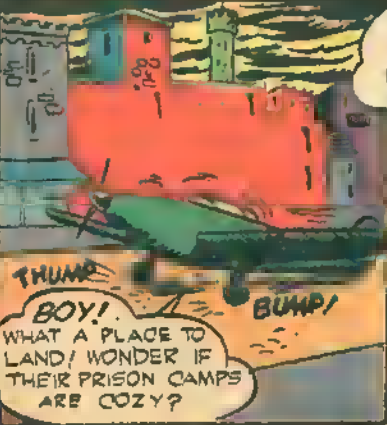
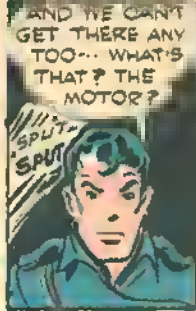
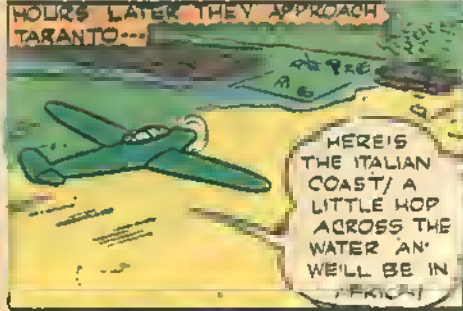
MAKE IT SNAPPY, THE FOOD WILL BE UP IN A SEC

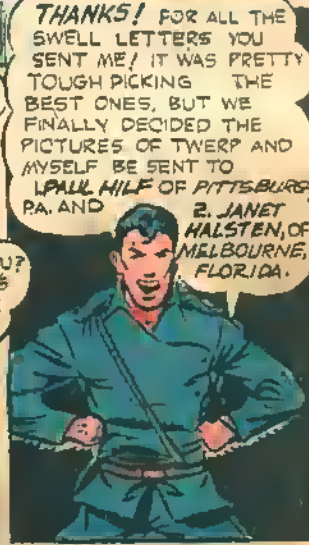
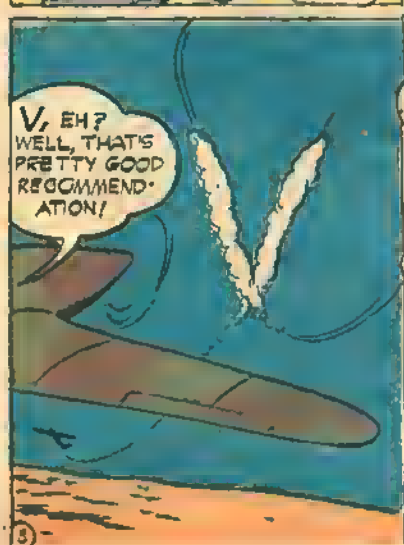
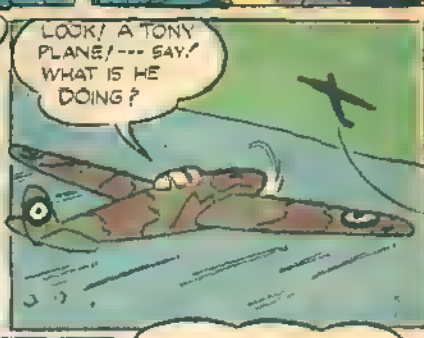
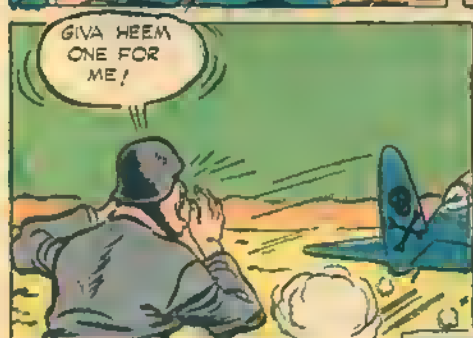
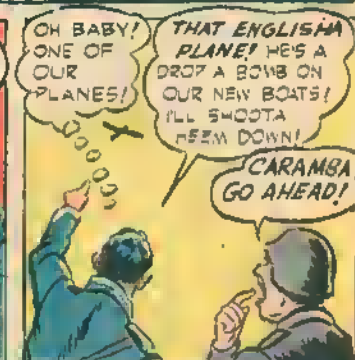
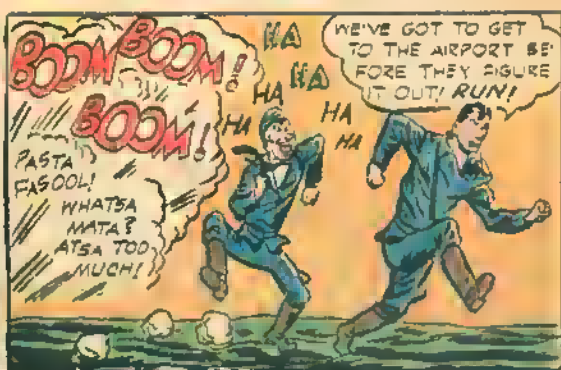
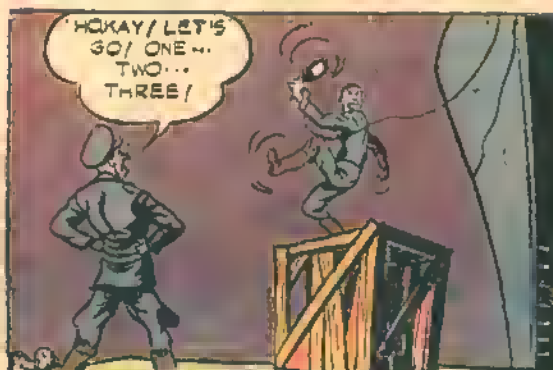


SO HE DEFIES DE GREAT KREPLACH! HA! NOW I KEEL HIM 'QUEECK! NO! GRODUALLY!



DEAR SIR... MY DEAR DOG! EET GEEVE ME PLEASURE TO DROOL WITH YOU WITH PEESTOLS WITH GONS WITH SWORDS WITH DAGGERS.





Archie



(GULP) HELLO, MISS GRUNDY, I-I-ER-YOU SEE I'M JUST —
 HMMMPH! NO EXCUSES, ARCHIE. ANOREWS. I'LL SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL!

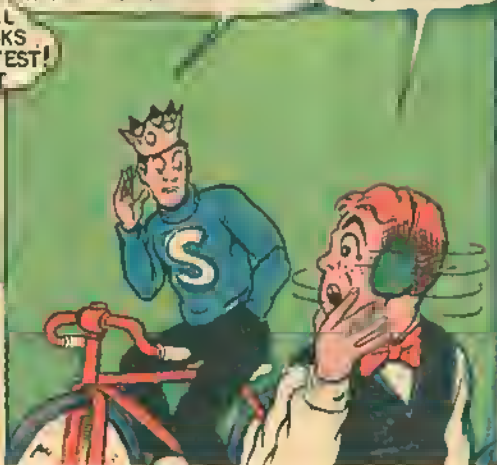


LATER

JEEPER, NO BOOY UNDERSTANDS ME — BUT WAIT'LL I WIN THAT HUNDRED BUCKS FROM THIS LIMERICK CONTEST! THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT THEN — I BET!



HEY, SHAKESPEARE, HOW'S RIVERDALE'S GREAT POET? HUH — OH, IT'S YOU, JUGHEAD!



YOU CAN LAUGH IF YA WANT TO-BUT JUST WAIT'LL I WIN THIS LIMERICK CONTEST I'M MAILING MY ENTRY NOW—



HAW-HAW-THAT GUY ARCHIE SURE HAS SOME SCREWY IDEAS. HMM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA ON HOW I CAN PLAY A SWELL GAG ON HIM. I'LL JUST GO DOWN TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE!



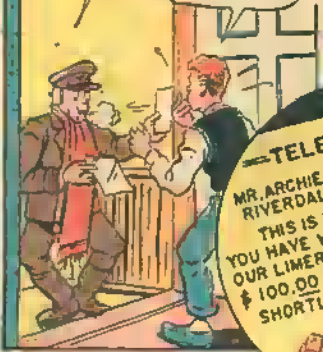
ARCHIE, THE DOORBELL'S RINGING!



I'LL GET IT MOM!

TELEGRAM FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS! SIGN HERE!

JUST A MINUTE! I'LL CALL HI-SAY! THAT'S ME! Q-QUICK, THAT MAY.....



YIPPEE—I WON! I WON! ZOWIE! I'M RICH! A HUNDRED BUCKS!

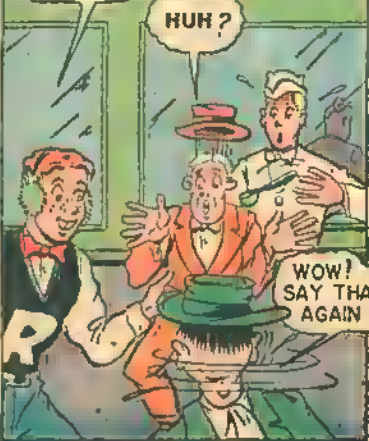


—TELEGRAM—
MR. ARCHIE ANDREWS RIVERDALE:
THIS IS TO NOTIFY YOU THAT YOU HAVE WON FIRST PRIZE IN OUR LIMERICK CONTEST—YOUR \$100.00 CHECK WILL ARRIVE SHORTLY—
SWEETIE CANDY INC

BOY! WAIT'LL I TELL THE GANG! I'LL BET THEY'LL BE SURPRISED! JUST THINK OF ALL THE THINGS I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY—I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO RETIRE AND GET SOME KID TO ATTEND MY CLASSES FOR ME! GEE, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT—A HUNDRED BUCKS!



O.K. FELLERS—STEP UP TO THE FOUNTAIN—THE TREATS ON ME!



HEY, ARCHIE! WHAT'RE YA GOIN' TO USE FOR MONEY? YOU KNOW HOW YOUR CREDIT STANDS!

JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS TELEGRAM, ICKY!



WELL? DO YOU WANT ME TO BRING MY BUSINESS TO SOME OTHER ICE CREAM EMPORIUM?

WOW! A HUNDRED BERRIES! THE HOUSE IS YOURS, ARCHIE!



YOU SURE ARE
A SPORT, ARCHIE!

AW, FORGET
IT, AN'HAVE
ANOTHER
ROUND, BOYS!

WOW! DO I FEEL SICK!
IN A PLEASANT SORTA
WAY THOUGH!

BOY, HE
FELL FOR
THE GAG
HOOK, LINE
AND SINKER!

I HATE TO
SAY THIS,
BUT I JUST
CAN'T!

ME,
TOO!

I'LL SEE YA
LATER, FELLOW
I'VE GOT SOME
BUSINESS TO
ATTEND TO!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, JUGHEAD?
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A RACCOON
COAT—AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT
THE MONEY...

JEEPERS, THIS
IS GETTING OUTTA
HANO—I'D BETTER
TELL ARCHIE IT'S
ALL A GAG!



YI, H!T FITS LIKE
A GLOVE. SEE—
H'ITS NICE UND
SNUG, NO?

HEY, ARCHIE,
THERE'S SOME-
THING I'VE GOTTA
TELL YA!

SHH—TELL ME LATER,
JUGHEAD—HOW DO
YA LIKE THIS COAT—
PRETTY SNAZZY, EH?
O.K. JUNGLE, I'LL
TAKE IT!

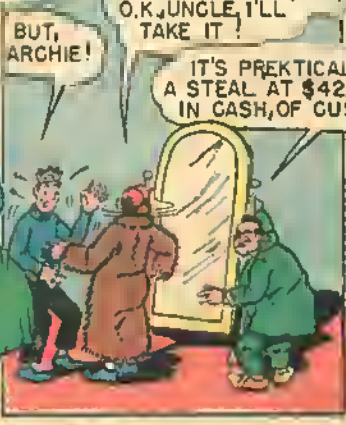
DON'T WORRY, UNK!
JUST CHARGE IT—
HERE, THIS TELEGRAM
WILL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING!

HMM... I DON'T
LIKE CREDIT. BUT
IN THIS CASE
I SUPPOSE H'ITS
HOKAY!

BUT,
ARCHIE!

IT'S PREKTICAL
A STEAL AT \$42.97—
IN CASH, OF CUSS!

B, BUT!



B-BUT
ARCHIE,
I'VE GOTTA
TELL YA
SOMETHING!

NOT NOW, JUGHEAD!
I'VE GOTTA BE OFF
AND SEE IF I CAN
FIND BETTY AN'
TELL HER THE
BIG NEWS!

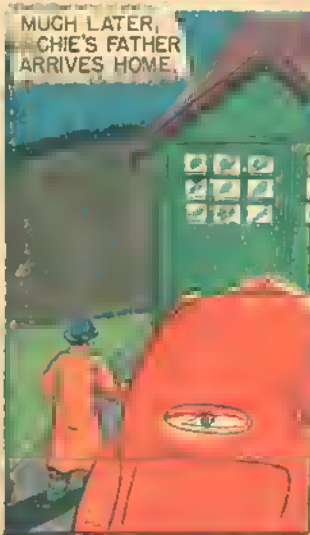
HI, BETTY!
WAIT UP! BOY,
HAVE I GOT
NEWS FOR
YOU!

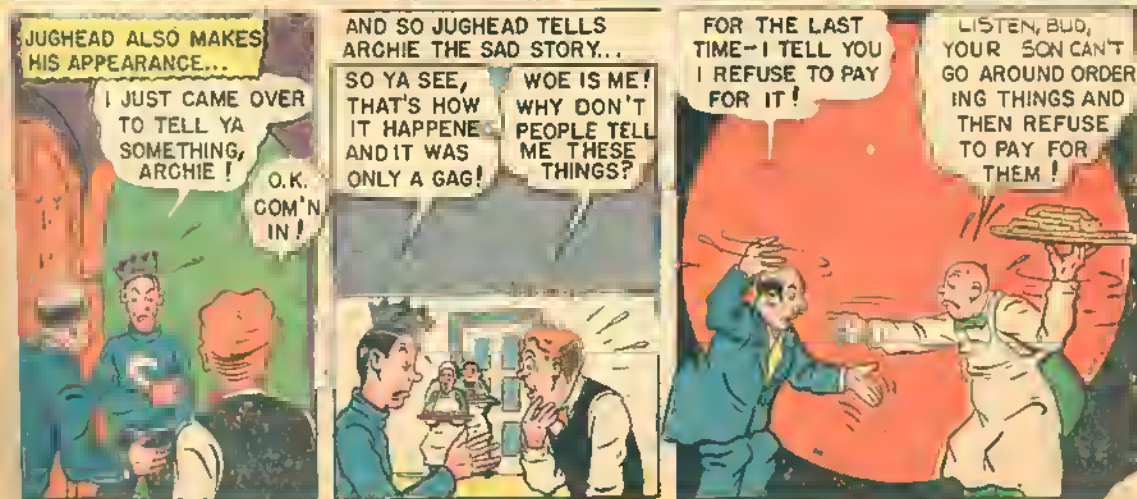
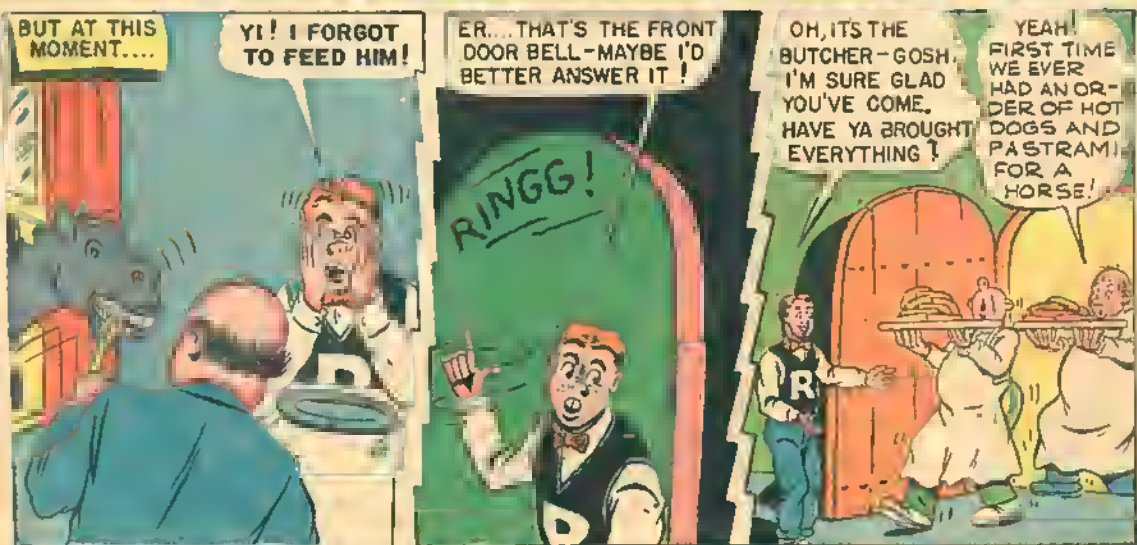
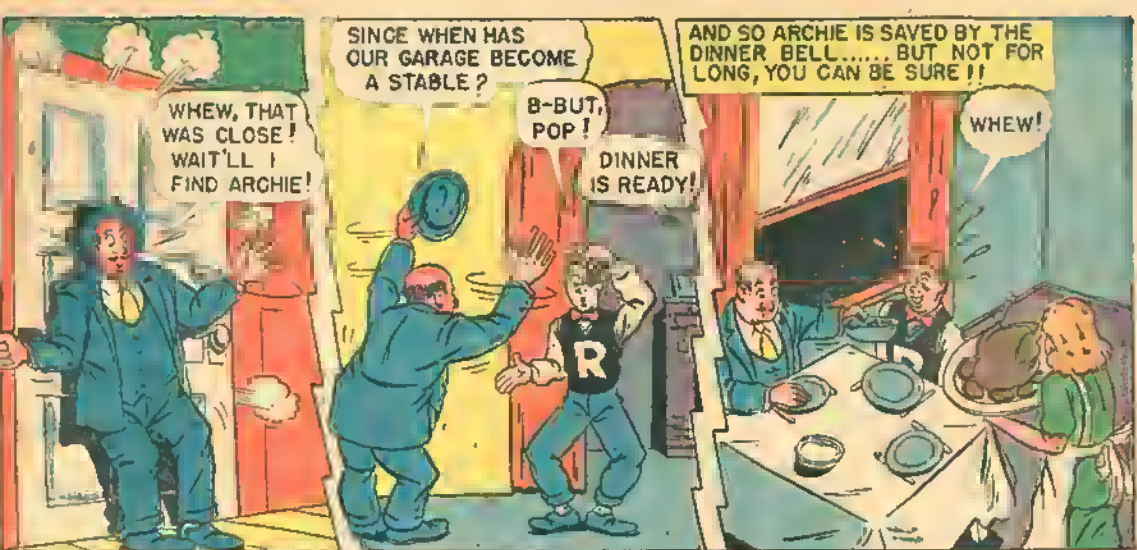
HUH—OH
HELLO,
ARCHIE!

OH, ARCHIE! I
THINK IT'S SIMPLY
GRAND, YOU WIN-
NING THE LIMERICK
CONTEST! I ALWAYS
KNEW YOU'D BE A
SUCCESS!

SO DID I, BUT
I WASN'T SURE
JUST WHEN!







AND SO JUGHEAD TELLS ARCHIE THE SAD STORY...

SO YA SEE, THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED AND IT WAS ONLY A GAG!

WOE IS ME! WHY DON'T PEOPLE TELL ME THESE THINGS?

FOR THE LAST TIME - I TELL YOU I REFUSE TO PAY FOR IT!

LISTEN, BUD, YOUR SON CAN'T GO AROUND ORDERING THINGS AND THEN REFUSE TO PAY FOR THEM!

AND AS IF ARCHIE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE!

HOW ABOUT PAYING FOR THAT HORSE YA BOUGHT?

NEVER MIND THE HORSE - JUST SETTLE FOR THAT RACCOON COAT!

GEE - YOU'VE GOT COMPANY, ARCHIE!



WE WANT OUR MONEY!

I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!

JEEZ, HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!

MUST BE SOME KIND OF A CONVENTION GOING ON HERE - HEY! SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS!

THAT'S ME!



YIPPEE! I WON! I'VE REALLY WON THE CONTEST!

HURRY, LET'S SEE THE CHECK!

THERE'S NO CHECK HERE, THE PRIZE IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR WAR BOND!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, I'M TAKING MY COAT BACK!

ME, TOO! WAIT'LL I GET MY HORSE!

HEY, HOW ABOUT ME? HOW'M I GONNA GET MY SODAS BACK?

WHAT'RE YA LOOKING AT ME FOR? SEE ARCHIE!

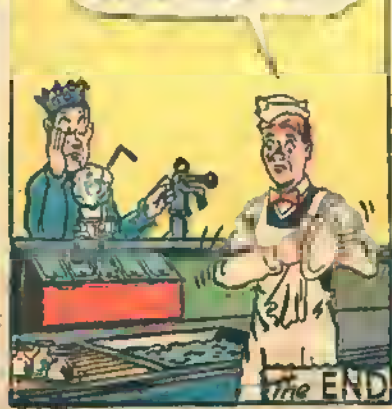


NOW THAT YOUR DEBTS ARE SETTLED WITH THOSE OTHER GUYS - YOU CAN COME WITH ME AND SQUARE OFF THAT SODA BILL!

B-BUT, I OON'T SEE HOW, DO YOU?



HOW CAN YA DRINK THAT STUFF, JUGHEAD? WHEN I GET FINISHED WORKING MY BILL OFF - I HOPE I NEVER SEE ICE CREAM AGAIN!



HEY, GANG! HAVE YA HEARD OF THE SPECIAL TREAT WE'RE GONNA HAVE FOR YOU SOON? IT'S A BRAND NEW COMIC MAGAZINE, AND IT'S NAMED AFTER ME! SO WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWS DEALERS! THANKS, PALS!



THE END

BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD

A
BODY!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
IT--- ITS
LORD
GANNETT!

THERE WERE FOUR THINGS----A
DEATH BY LIGHTNING, A STEAM
SHOVEL, AN UNREPORTED FLIGHT
PLAN, AND A PIECE OF WIRE----
FOUR THINGS WHICH DIDNT ADD
UP.

BUT BENTLEY ADDED THEM UP
---AND BY CAREFUL CONSIDER-
ATION OF THESE FOUR THINGS
MANAGED TO FIND THE SOLU-
TION TO THE MOST INTRICATE
CASE OF HIS CAREER.

THE CLUES ARE RIGHT BEFORE
YOU. TEST YOUR ABILITIES AS
A DETECTIVE.

ARE YOU AS GOOD AS
BENTLEY?

PAUL COWMAN

FLASH! EARLY THE MORNING LORD GANNETT WAS FOUND DEAD NEAR HIS HOME... STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! LORD GANNETT HAD APPARENTLY PARACHUTED FROM A PLANE...

WHEN THE NEWS-PAPERS PRINT THE STORY, ALL ENGLAND IS AGHAST...

LORD GANNETT!
WHAT A
PITY!

HOW
TERRIBLE!

AND IN HIS OFFICE
BENTLEY SCANS THE
SAME NEWSPAPER...

London Times

LORD GANNETT FOUND
HEAD ON HUGE
STEAM SHOVEL
AT GREENWICH

WHICH THE BODY OF SIR
GANNETT WAS DISCOVERED
MORNING ON A STEAM
SHOVEL HAD BEEN USED TO
AWAY BOMB DEBRIS. LORD
PL...

THERE'S SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT THIS! I'VE GOT
THE LIST OF ALL FLIGHT PLANS
IN LONDON... AND NO PLANE
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER
GREENWICH!

BUT THEN HOW COULD
HE HAVE PARACHUTED
ONTO THE STEAM
SHOVEL?.... I THINK I'D
BETTER INVESTIGATE!

LATER...

THIS LOOKS
LIKE THE
STEAM SHOVEL,
NOW!

SUDDENLY, WITH THE SWIFT-
NESS OF LONDON STORMS,
LIGHTNING STRIKES THE
SKY...

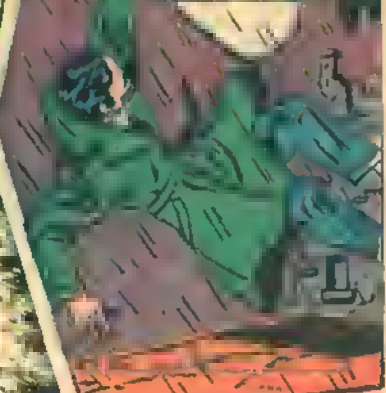
WHW! THE WEATHER'S
ACTING UP!

WELL, I CAN'T BE
WORRYING ABOUT
THAT! LET'S
SEE IF I CAN
FIND ANY-
THING IN-
TERESTING
ON THE
STEAM
SHOVEL!

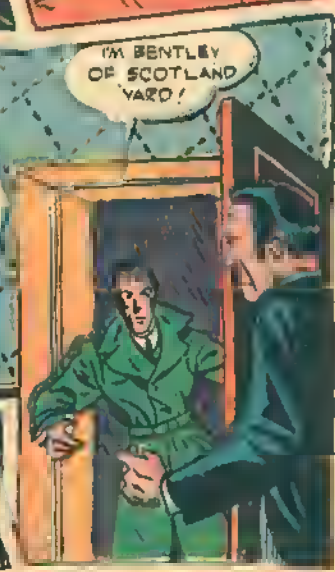
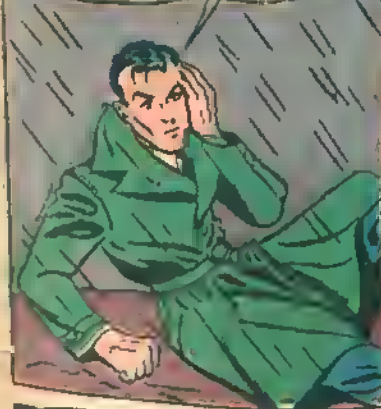
GLORY! AWAKE!
I WONDER WHAT
IT'S DOING UP HERE?
LET'S SEE NOW...



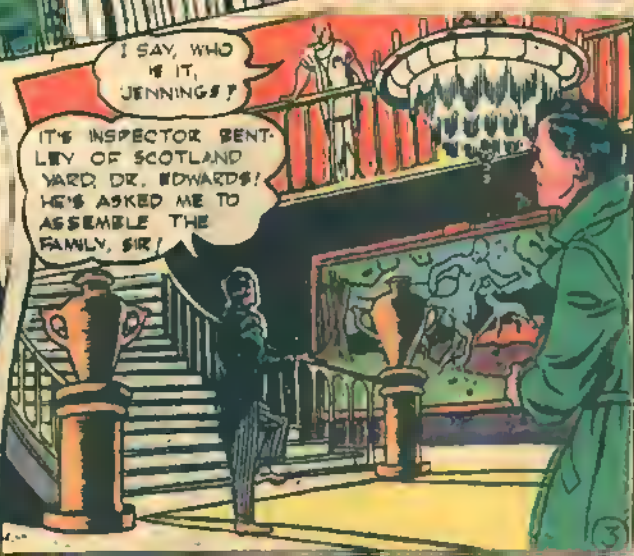
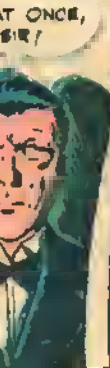
THINKING
SWIFTLY, BENT-
LEY LEAPS FROM
THE CRANE--



WHEW!
IF I HADN'T JUMPED IN TIME,
THAT LIGHTNING WOULD HAVE
FINISHED ME!--- HEY, HOLD ON A
MINUTE! I COULD HAVE SWORN
I SAW A LIGHT BLINKING FROM
THAT HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD,
JUST AS THE LIGHTNING STRUCK!
FUNNY, MAYBE I'D BETTER
GO OVER THERE...



I'M INVESTIGATING THE DEATH
OF LORD GANNETT! WILL YOU
ASK ALL THE MEMBERS OF
HOUSEHOLD TO ASSEMBLE?



I SAY, WHO
IS IT,
JENNINGS?

IT'S INSPECTOR BENT-
LEY OF SCOTLAND
YARD, DR. EDWARDS!
HE'S ASKED ME TO
ASSEMBLE THE
FAMILY, SIR!

AT ONCE,
SIR!



I'M JENNINGS, SIR!

I'M DR. EDWARDS, LORD GANNETT WAS MY NEPHEW!

I'M THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, INSPECTOR!

I'M THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, LORD GANNETT'S COUSIN! I PRESUME YOUR VISIT IS IN REFERENCE TO LORD GANNETT'S UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT!

I'M SORRY, DUKE! I SUSPECT THAT IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! IT WAS MURDER!

WHY, YOU LYING FOOL, I'LL

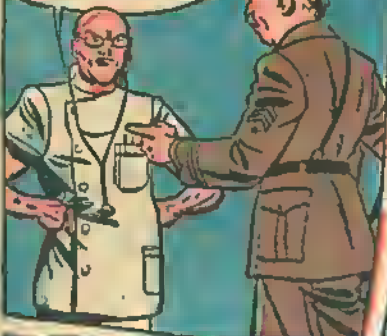
WE'VE GOT TO WORK TOGETHER AND SOLVE THIS CASE--NOT FIGHT ABOUT IT!

MURDER, EH? THEN YOU HAD A HAND IN IT, BEDFORD! YOU WERE ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THE LORD'S FORTUNE!

WHAT!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!

ALL RIGHT, BENTLEY--BUT HIS ACCUSATION IS ABSOLUTELY UNTRUE!



I'M SORRY, BENTLEY, MAYBE I DID GO OFF ON A LIMB... BUT I'M SO BROKEN UP BY MY NEPHEW'S DEATH THAT I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING!

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, DOCTOR!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY! THIS IS ONE INSULT TOO MUCH! COME, MARIA!

HENRY! HENRY! YOU SHOULDN'T ACT THIS WAY! GEORGE DIDN'T MEAN WHAT HE SAID!



DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION
TO HIM, INSPECTOR! HE'S
HAD THESE TANTRUMS
BEFORE!

I'M AFRAID
I MUST,
DOCTOR...

I'VE GOT TO GO UPSTAIRS
AND ASK HIM A FEW
QUESTIONS!

AND WHILE I'M UPSTAIRS,
I THINK I'LL LOOK
AROUND FOR THAT
BLINKING LIGHT
I SAW!

THERE'S
THE WINDOW FACING
THE STEAM SHOVEL!
THE LIGHT
PROBABLY
CAME FROM
THERE!

AND THIS
DOOR IS RIGHT
IN BACK OF
THE WINDOW!

I'D BETTER
HAVE A LOOK AT
WHAT'S IN THIS
ROOM!

JUST
AS I
THOUGHT!

WHAT DOES BENTLEY SEE IN
THE ROOM? DO YOU KNOW?

WAS LORD GANNETT MURDERED,
AND IF SO..... WHO IS THE
KILLER? IS IT DOCTOR EDWARDS?

JENNINGS THE
BUTLER?

THE DUCHESS OF
BEDFORD?

OR THE DUKE OF
BEDFORD?

READ ON AND SEE.....

WHAT A WEIRD
LOOKING
MACHINE!

THIS IS THE MACHIN' USED TO
MURDER GANNETT! THE KILLER
PROBABLY KNOCKED GANNETT OUT
PUT HIM ON THE STEAM SHOVEL
AND THEN ELECTROCUTED HIM
WITH THIS MACHINE
SO THAT IT
WOULD APPEAR
TO BE ACCIDENT-
AL DEATH BY
LIGHTNING!

HELLO!
WHAT'S
THIS?

NOT SO FAST...
DR. EDWARDS!

HELP! I'M
FALLING AGAINST
THE MACHINE!

HERE'S YOUR MURDERER! I
SUSPECTED SOME ELECTRICAL
DEVICE HAD BEEN USED WHEN I
SAW A WIRE ON THE STEAM
SHOVEL! AND WHEN I
WAS ALMOST KILLED
BY 'LIGHTNING' AND SAW
A LIGHT BLINKING HERE,
I DECIDED TO INVESTI-
GATE!

EDWARDS INVENTED A NEW
WAR WEAPON--AND HE WORK-
ED SO HARD AT IT THAT IT AF-
FECTED HIS BRAIN. WHEN THE
MACHINE WAS COMPLETED
AND READY TO TEST, HE
DIDN'T CARE WHO HE
USED AS A GUINEA PIG. SO
HE SELECTED HIS NEPHE-
W... BUT EDWARDS HAS
PAID FOR HIS CRIME! HE
DIED MOST FITTINGLY--
BY HIS OWN MURDER
WEAPON!

END

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